San Francisco, 19 July : 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Volume XLIX *Number 29*

Love Divine.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 19 July: 1900

The Eternal Goodness.

"I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!"

—*Whittier.*

It is difficult for a weekly paper to express an opinion on the trouble in China. The reported horrors of one day are denied the next. But the latest indications are that some of the worst atrocities of the ages have been committed there against the foreigners. Regarding these reports as true it would seem that China, as a nation, is doomed. She can never be trusted. The time has passed when a people can be allowed to shut themselves off from the rest of the world and live the life which their ignorance and selfishness may incline them to live. China cannot be let alone. She must go on with the rest of the world in its onward march toward better things. It may be possible to lead her thus only over the dead bodies of thousands of her people and by the sacrifice of many precious lives on the part of the great powers, but there is no alternative. The sacrifice must be made. It is the duty of the world powers to rush as many troops to China as may be found necessary to quell this uprising against the foreigners and native Christians, and after that is done determine the fate of the Empire. It looks as if it means dismemberment, but it may turn out that some one will be elevated to the throne who will rule as a nation must be ruled in this age of the world, not in isolation and stagnation, but as a part of one great whole, in the interests of a world-wide and constantly advancing civilization.

It is vain to talk about the discontinuance of missionary work in China. The soldiers of the Cross have not been so instructed by their divine leader. His parting words to the disciples were, "Go ye and disciple all nations, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." Paul did not count his life too precious to be given for him who had been lifted up on the cross that the world might have life and have it abundantly. All down through the ages men and women have been willing to brave danger and even death for the good of men and the glory of God. That spirit is not dead in the world to-day. It has entered China in the lives of hundreds of devoted men and women, and it will continue there until that sin-cursed land is made what God desires it to be. God's workmen die, but his work goes on. When that great struggle was on in Kansas a few decades ago between the anti-slavery and pro-slavery elements in this country and the free-State men were slaughtered, every time one thus laid down his life scores of others moved in to take his place. There are Christian heroes the world over, more now than there were forty years ago, and they are ready to step forward and carry on to higher success the missionary work in which their brethren have toiled in China and for which the soil of that land has been crimsoned by their blood.

The Rev. William Rader brought considerable inspiration with him from his recent trip abroad, which he is imparting on various occasions unto others. At the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity he spoke concerning the impressions he had received as to religious matters. In the evangelistic spirit, he found England far ahead of the United States; and what he saw there and elsewhere gave him fresh courage for the battle under the banner of Christ. It was good,

he said, to see that others were battling and were succeeding, and that Christ is all the time lifting the world up into real life. All who listened to Mr. Rader on Monday felt that they had been gainers with him in the trip which he was permitted to take. It is evident that he sees plainly now—perhaps he saw it before—that our own best interests as a nation and the best interests of world-wide civilization demand that we be the friend of England. Yes, England is true at heart; she seeks the best things for the world; she makes mistakes, and so does the United States; but, hand in hand, these two great nations can do a grand work in bringing this old world up out of darkness into light. The Pacific believes with Mr. Rader that "we must continue to be the friend of England," not for England's sake, not for the United States' sake, but for the world's sake. There are many good reasons for the belief that the horrible atrocities in China would not now be shocking and paining the people of many nations if Great Britain had not been sore pressed in other parts of the world. It was an opportune time for the insurrectionists of China to strike as they have struck. Anything which endangers or weakens even for a time such a power as Great Britain endangers the best interests of the world.

The Kingdom of God and Man.

A distinctly different tone is observable in the Scriptures in setting forth God's relations to angels and to men. One in a certain place, for example, testifies, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" His inferiority in certain aspects seems to be offset by equally marked superiority in others. "Unto which of the angels said he at any time," it is elsewhere asked, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee; but unto the Son he saith, Thy throne is established forever." And when the Firstborn came into the world he said, "And let all the angels of God worship him." Referring to the relations subsisting between angels and men it is also demanded, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation?" There is also that mysterious passage in which St. Paul, with impassioned earnestness, protests to the Corinthian Christians, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" All this is not only significant in itself, but characteristic of biblical references to the relations of angels and men.

A similar difference prevails where the element of sin comes into the account. The angels which kept not their own principality, we are told, are kept in everlasting bonds "unto the judgment of the great day." For them too—that is, for the devil and his angels—hell has been prepared; not for man, who goes thither only as his sympathies lead him there. Judas went there because it was "his own place." This is very significant. There is no hint of recovery for fallen angels. But for sinful men God is distinctively a God of salvation. One of the earliest announcements of Himself was as "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and of tender mercy;" and this style of representation is consistently kept up throughout the Bible. "He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come unto him and live." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." "For God sent his Son into the world that the world through him might be saved." "Verily," says a later writer, "verily, he took not hold of angels to save them, but he took hold of the seed of Abraham; wherefore it behooved him in all points to be made like unto his brethren." "And so, the more effectively to work out redemption, he who had worn the robes of highest deity took upon himself the form of man, of a servant among men, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Thus, "being made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, he condemned sin in the flesh and became the author of an eternal salvation to all them that believe."

Why this difference and this superiority of man to angels? The full explanation can not be given except in the words of the Son of Man, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But a glimpse, at least, of the truth may be obtained from the standpoint of angelic superiority. It was, we may imagine, in them a sin against clearer light, and with fewer mitigations. They saw more plainly the nature of the sinful act, and fell away from God deliberately. Their sin was thus more

emphatically the self-determined act of a rebellious will. Man's error, on the other hand, was rooted in weakness and brought about through craft. Being "deceived," we are authoritatively assured, our first parents fell. All this does not, it is true, relieve sin of mystery, but it does go far toward modifying our judgments and explaining God's different attitude toward fallen angels and sinful men.

Go back to the Edenic picture—call it history, allegory, or what you please. Here are two figures, embodied spirits, capable of rising and actually rising, into loving, joyous companionship with the unseen but very present Creator; but, just as certainly, limited in knowledge and in experience, through their connection with a human nature. Now, to them temptation is brought by a being, beautiful in form, superior in knowledge, and winsome in speech. He approaches them on the side of their noblest endowments and most generous aspirations; he juggles truth and falsehood in a bewildering fashion, with the result that almost before they know it the fatal step is taken, and sin is launched upon the world.

So much for the beginning of human sin; and while difference in origin does not excuse the sinful act, it does relieve it of its most hopeless features. It does bring it within the range of ordinary human experience, and so makes it intelligible. It does establish a relation peculiarly tender between the Heavenly Father and his children; and it does seem to lay a substantial basis for subsequent redeeming work, such as does not appear in the case of angels.

Now follow the story down through the ages. The race which started under such limitations has henceforth the situation complicated by the confusing mists of sin, by the changed relations to the external world, by the deterioration of all the faculties of mind and body, and by the increased pressure of those malign influences to which admission has been granted. Under these aggravated difficulties the work of recovery has to go forward. It must be a process of development. There is no help for it. Salvation roots itself in character, and character must necessarily be a development, the outgrowth of experience and struggle. With this process the loving Father cannot wisely interfere. His children must work out their own salvation, each for himself, with pain and anguish, and failures many and distressful, He himself remaining within the shadows and extending aid only through hidden channels. Slowly, thus, and with infinite labor, the transformation of this godless world into the kingdom of God must be effected, by a race peculiarly dependent upon special divine assistance, and yet apparently (not really) shut up to its own resources. It is as an earthly parent must often watch the fortunes of a beloved son upon the troubled sea of life. Ignorant, inexperienced, passionate, tempted, the boy must make his own way, piloting his own bark and working out his own destiny; while parental love can only pray and watch and wait for opportunities to interpose without imperilling all.

It is in such conditions that a child climbs to the innermost shrine of parental affection, and the tenderness of the father's heart sweeps around the boy in a full flood. And so we may think of the Heavenly Father as contemplating the drama of human life; what might seem the disabilities of his children, as compared with angelic intelligence and strength, becoming their strongest claim upon his charitable judgment and his readiest aid. Especially may we comprehend the peculiar tenderness of his love for the human family when to their original weakness there are added the benumbing influences of centuries of vicious inheritance and environment, of hardship and oppression. Taking account of these we cease to wonder at the divine compassion for great sinners—at God's strangely tender pity for Nineveh, and Babylon and Egypt; for those, too, from whom we are apt to turn as social debris, or worse, repudiating the claims of brotherhood and denying them any place of repentance or recovery. Even the softer notes in the decree by which Infinite Love gives over obdurate sinners to the second death do not seem so utterly unintelligible to us from this position; and justice, even vindictive justice, seems of the sort at which mercy rejoiceth.

It is a conception of God and his world full of cheer for the future; an encouragement to the belief that sinning humanity shall not always elude the sacrificial love which has followed it so long and so patiently. It is an explanation of that hopeful note which runs through the saddest utterances of God's prophets. Above all, it sounds in our ears a call to mercy in judgment and to tireless efforts in behalf of those who seem bent on their own undoing.

Notes.

Of the Congregational churches of the United States 2,291 have parsonages.

Last year the Eliot church of Newton, Massachusetts, gave $13,298 for home missionary work and $7,222 for foreign. The Tompkins Avenue church of Brooklyn gave $12,216 and $4,457; the Old South of Boston, $10,362 and $8,302.

Several of our friends have asked what effect the suspension of the Occident will have on The Pacific. It will not materially affect this paper. The reading matter published in common was only the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor notes, and the Home Circle pages. The saving by this arrangement was small. By the suspension of the Occident, however, we have less composition to do on our linotype. But work is offered from other sources which promises to more than balance that in a short time.

According to the statistics last gathered there are 27,945 Congregational church members in California, Oregon and Washington. Not enough of them read The Pacific. It is the best assistant a pastor can have. We wish it were possible to send some one into the many homes in which no church paper enters, to show there the value of such a paper to the home. If some one were to make it possible for us to do this, hundreds of homes would be supplied with that reading matter which would lead on to better things in every life thus reached. Here is an opportunity to invest in bonds from which the interest coupons can be cut throughout eternity.

Forty-eight of the Congregational churches of California have parsonages. They are: Avalon, Adin, Bakersfield, Benicia, Bloomington, Byron, Buena Park, Clayton, Cloverdale, Compton, Corona, Crockett, Lodi, Loleta, Los Alamitos, Vernon and Pico Heights and Bethlehem in Los Angeles, Mentone, Mokelumne Hill, Murphys, Niles, Oakland Fourth, Etna Mills, Ferndale, Fresno First, Grass Velley, Green Valley, Haywards, Highland, Paradise, Perris, Pescadero, Porterville, Redlands, Redwood, Riverside, Rocklin, Rosedale, San Jacinto, San Juan, San Mateo, San Miguel, Saratoga, Sierra Valley, Tipton, Tulare and Villa Park. The total valuation is $61,250.

Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Gray, new appointees of the American Board, and Miss Ida Foss and Miss A. A. Palmer, are now in this city, and are expecting to go, the last of this week or early next week, on the Queen of the Isles, to reopen the mission of the Board on Ponape of the Caroline Islands. This is where the Spaniards destroyed all our mission property and drove away our missionaries ten years ago. Miss Foss and Miss Palmer now return to their old work. These missionaries go with the assurance of a glad welcome from the Ponapean people, now delivered from the Spanish yoke. Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price, formerly of Ruk, have also arrived, and await an opportunity to go to Guam, where they expect to open new work under the American Board.

The pulpit gown has not been very much used by non-Episcopal ministers on the Pacific Coast. We believe that it was worn by a Presbyterian minister in Seattle a few years ago, and now another has brought the custom from the East to Pasadena. A correspondent writes: "Gowns have never thriven in Presbyterian pulpits in Southern California in former days. It has seemed to smack of clericalism and ritualism in a way which did not sit well. Anything that seems to be merely an effort to preserve a form or clothe an office has been the butt of much discussion and some ridicule in many circles in former days here. Whether this has changed to a more tolerant and more easy-going disposition that will take delight in vestments is to be seen. But Pasadena is an excellent place to make the trial. It is made up largely of the classes from the East who have been accustomed to these surroundings, and to whom they seem churchly, and they have not been here long enough to be weaned from them. It is likely to cease to be a matter of special remark very soon."

In an article on "The Children and the Catechism," the Presbyterian says concerning the shorter catechism: "The time was when every child in a Presbyterian home was carefully taught the truths contained in it. It was a reflection on parents and a sign of mental weakness in a child to reach the age of eighteen and not be able to recite the Shorter Catechism. Nor was this labor in vain. That diligent and painstaking effort to store the minds of the youth, while memory is most active, with a systematic course of Scripture doctrine, was blessed of God in making strong and vigorous Christians. Children brought up under such training grew to be intelligent in religion, and seldom turned from the faith of the fathers. The testimony of many of the most distinguished men in church and state within the last century or more has confirmed the high estimate placed on the value of such instruction. At the Second Pan-Presbyterian Council, which was held in Philadelphia in 1880, the Hon. William Strong uttered words which are never to be forgotten, and which on that occasion called forth the most rapturous applause. Judge Strong said: 'I thank God I had a Christian father and a Christian mother, and that on every Sabbath day, as well as on

other days, in the afternoon we gathered together and received the instruction of a father and a mother. We were taught the Westminster catechism; we repeated it every Sabbath from beginning to end. I have now in my memory every question and every answer.'" The whole Christian church seems to be awaking again to the value of catechetical instruction, and the rich fruitage will be manifest in a few years in the lives of many.

Rev. Alexander McLaren of Manchester, England, being unable to attend the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in London, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Convention in which he expressed sympathy with the great assembly in its work. Rejoicing in the good which the Christian Endeavor societies had done, and believing that, rightly worked, they might be still more useful, Dr. McLaren said: "I trust that in your Convention emphasis may be laid on the necessity for systematic and intelligent study of Scripture, as well as for the more emotional and disconnected expressions of devotion which sometimes predominate in C. E. meetings. If I had the opportunity of addressing the Convention, I should have ventured to urge the importance of aiming at securing more fully the co-operation of the better educated young people in our congregations, and also the need for avoiding the danger that the C. E. Society in a church should become a coterie, with just a slight flavour of self-righteousness and greater spirituality about it. But, no doubt, abler hands will touch on these matters, and I can only repeat my expression of most hearty sympathy, and my earnest wish that your great convocation may be largely blessed." It is to be hoped that these matters were touched on, and others, and that the needed good will result. It is very evident that there is room for improvement in some C. E. societies. There is not that loyalty to the church which the pledge demands, and in too many instances there has sprung up not only a separation between the church and the society, but to some extent an antagonism. We know of societies where the young people think that their organization is the main spoke in the wheel; in some cases, the hub itself.

The second volume of the "History of the Christian Church," by Bishop John F. Hurst, has just been issued by Eaton & Mains. As a church history this book takes high rank. It may be had at 1037 Market street. A review of it will appear later in The Pacific.

Among the books fresh from the press of Eaton & Mains is a valuable one by Dr. Stephen L. Baldwin, entitled "Foreign Missions of the Protestant Church." The net price is 85 cents, at 1037 Market street.

The Bystander.

It has been some time since The Bystander appeared in the columns of The Pacific. This week, at the urgent request of the editor, he resumes his place and expresses his mind upon things which appear pertinent or impertinent to him. This world, with its rapid rush of events and many interesting people, is a very fascinating world to him, and as he takes his place once more at the desk many things of interest group themselves around the point of his pen. The gentle reader will please be charitable. If you do not always agree with the Bystander, be considerate enough to believe that he means well.

The Bystander has had occasion to meet the editors of some of the great religious periodicals, and is convinced that there is a distinct place for them in journalism. Unlike Mr. Sheldon, he does not believe in mixing the two types in one paper. The purpose is distinct. This is why Mr. Sheldon's paper was a partial failure.

By the way, he hopes the day may never come when the secular press will close its eyes to the wrongs of the world. Let us know them. We can not be wise without knowing them. The Bible is the best newspaper the world has ever read. But these things must be told truthfully and without exaggeration.

The Bystander has visited some of the great London journals, particularly the Christian World, which is a newspaper of wide influence, the Christian Age, Great Thoughts, and others. The Christian World has an enormous subscription list, and the editor remarked that the advertisements are so numerous that room can not be found for them.

The British Weekly is edited by Robert Nichol, perhaps the most brilliant editor of the religious press in Great Britain. The people sustain these papers because they have an interest in the church. When church members in this country have the spirit of loyalty to the denomination English Christians have there will be no denominational paper problem.

Federation.

Last week Prof. Nash read a paper on federation. It was a timely utterance. Charles V tried to make a number of watches tick together. He failed in this just as he failed to make all Europe believe one creed. The theological clocks will never tick in concert, but there could be a federation of service. There is very little of such union among the denominations of San Francisco. The ministers meet regularly every Monday morning at the Y. M. C. A., but each party goes off by itself, and even the Doxology must get through the transom to be heard by the ministers of the other denomination. It is all

wrong. Why should ministers preach the gospel of co-operation for others and practice competition themselves? It would be pleasant to see how other pastors look and to shake their hands at least once a year. Let the walls be broken down and more union meetings, social, ecclesiastical or theological, be arranged for. In other words, let us federate for work and unite for actual service.

The Voice of the Pulpit.

The Bystander has been occupying the pew of late, studying preachers and listening to the voice of the universal pulpit. He is proud of the modern pulpit. He believes there is a positive note in both the conservative and liberal preaching, a certain adherence to the great verities of the faith. Speaking in Theodore Parker's pulpit Wendell Phillips said, "It was a live man speaking to men alive on all live questions." That is a good description of the pulpit of to-day. The preacher is not an ornament but a force. In England the Bystander heard more evangelistic preaching than he hears in America. English preaching is powerful; American preaching is brilliant. The men who occupy the pulpits of the great churches of the English-speaking world are up-to-date, progressive, and full of noble courage. It is just as important to have such men in the churches as it is to have them in the army. The nation can not do without its prophets any more than it can dispense with its generals. There is a reaction against sacerdotalism, a desire for Christian union, a positive note in faith, and a reaction against superstition.

He has been profoundly impressed with the place Christ occupies in the preaching of to-day. His life is the theme of the best thought. His teachings are drawing all men to the fountain of ethics and the source of wisdom. Never before has Christ been preached as now. As the sun and the moon lift the ocean tides, and swing them to and fro against the shores of continents, so does Christ draw upwards the minds of men. The movement toward Christ is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

Serious Accident to Dr. Holbrook.

The venerable Dr. Holbrook has met with an accident which is of a very serious nature, especially when we consider his age—ninety-two the 7th of last January: he has broken the neck of the left femur. He had retired for the night, but wishing something in the closet arose and secured it. When he returned to his bed he missed it and fell with full weight on the floor, striking the left hip. The family of Mr. Noble heard the fall and hastened into the room and assisted the aged man into bed again. He did not think he had injured himself much, thinking the bruise was all. This happened Sunday evening, July the 8th. The writer heard of the fall and went to see the doctor Monday evening. He was informed that it was probable no bone was broken and he would be laid up but a short time. Tuesday evening three physicians made the usual examination and adjusted his limb to the stretcher, so he now is confined closer than at first expected. He is cheerful through it all; realizes the seriousness of it all; says it is not as he would wish, but he is in the Lord's hands; he would like to be called home without lingering, or fading away, as did Professor Park, but he does not murmur. Dr. Holbrook has lived the life of trust and confidence too long to give way to the suggestions of his physical being. Others may marvel at the providence of God; he trusts and worships.

The Thursday afternoon preceding the accident Dr. Holbrook tripped on a rug and fell, hurting his right knee, which kept him in the house and forbade him the hour of worship in the house of God on Sunday morning; but this bruise was not well before this more serious accident befell him. In speaking with him to-day (Wednesday, 11th), he said: "Tell the brethren to pray for me, if you like; not that I may get well, but that I may have grace to bear the affliction and God may be glorified in me." *R. H. S.*

The indications are that it will not be long until houses will be warmed by hot water heated from the exhaust steam in the engines of electric light and power works. In certain Eastern cities arrangements are being made for such a system of heating for all the houses situated therein. The Scientific American says: "In all manufacturing nowadays the utilization of by-products, hitherto thrown away, marks a distinct advance. In the making of electricity, either for light or power, where the current is produced from dynamos driven by steam engines, there results a large amount of waste steam—the exhaust steam which is usually thrown away. This steam still contains more than three-quarters of the heat originally imparted to it by coal burned under the boilers. In this hot water system for the entire town the greatest by-product of the electric light and power business becomes a source of great income. The steam is first used in the engines, after which it passes as exhaust through a feed water heater, which heats the fresh supply of boiler water. The feed water absorbs only about 10 per cent of the exhaust steam, the remainder being then passed to a large steel heater of small tubes, surrounded by water."

Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Williams have returned from the East. Mr. Williams preached last Sunday for Rev. W. H. Cross of Saratoga, who is having a brief vacation.

Our Stewardship of the Gospel.

Sermon by Rev. D. B. Gray at a Recent Congregational Association Meeting in Portland, Ore.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men but God, which trieth our hearts." (*I Thess. ii: 4.*)

There are certain things implied in this utterance of the great apostle which are applicable to all ministers of the Word; and not to ministers only, but to all churches and to all Christians, who are of the genuine faith in the Lord Jesus.

1. The gospel is a sacred trust, committed to believers that they may publish it, uphold it, defend it, witness for it, and seek its enthronement in the hearts of men in all the world. The gospel comes first with the offer and the assurance of salvation to all who will receive it in good faith. But no sooner is it accepted as a solution of personal salvation than it becomes a trust, a responsibility, to be cared for as a business man cares for his business; as friends care for their friends for whom they are responsible; as parents care for their children, as patriots care for their country.

2. In the second place, it is implied that being put in a place of responsibility for the gospel is a great privilege. "As we were allowed to be put in trust with the gospel": or, as the new version has it, "as we have been *approved* to be put in trust with the gospel." It is a privilege such as nothing else affords—the highest privilege, the highest honor, accorded to men.

3. In the third place, it is a privilege from the highest authority; and approbation from the court of heaven, from God himself. As we are allowed—privileged, approved of God—to be put in trust with the gospel. Paul had a sense of the great honor, and a high responsibility of his commission as a herald and an officer in the kingdom of Christ. His was a special commission, very definitely authenticated for a special work. He received it not from man, but from God, in a special manner. But any man who preaches at all, who stands up to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, should feel in his own heart that he is commissioned of God.

One may reasonably inquire of his fellowman—of some church, or association, or presbytery, or conference—if he can be approved, if he may be counted worthy of the commission as a leader and teacher in the kingdom of God. And his inquiry may be answered in the affirmative. But if his inquiry does not go back of these, and rest its decision with God himself, and if he does not feel in his heart that his privilege and approbation to preach is affirmed by the court of heaven, and if there is not the urgency of a call that sounds clear and strong, to the utterance of the cry, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel"—he may well doubt the genuineness of his commission.

Speaking a little further specially of the ministry (for our text has a wider application, to be referred to by and by), we should emphasize the fact that ministers should be leaders in thought, in doctrine, and in the plans, purposes and progress of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Not leaders in any sense of legal or regal authority over man's conscience. Not leaders in the sense of any ambition to be such—to have a personal following, or be lords over God's heritage—but leaders who will so set forth the truth, in clearness of vision and statement, that it shall commend itself as the truth of God, to the reason, the conscience and the hearts of men. There never was a time when this leadership was more needed than now. There never was a time when the ministry was more looked to for clear statements of truth than now. There is great confusion in the minds of many people, owing to the multitude of beliefs and unbeliefs that prevail. There is orthodoxy and semi-orthodoxy; there is higher criticism and lower criticism; there is dogmatism of conservatism and dogmatism of liberalism; there is a prolific brood of 'isms—Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, United Presbyterianism, Methodism, Congregationalism, Campbelliteism, Baptistism, Mormonism; there are the offshoots of Adventism, and Faith Cure, and Theosophy, and Christian Science, Spiritualism, and many others—all claiming to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Is it any wonder that some honest minds are confused? And who shall unravel the tangled skein of confused and confusing thought, and help men to see the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, unless it be those who are especially put in trust with the gospel? And this needs must be done, not by direct attacks upon the errors, the 'isms, the fancies and follies foisted in the name of truth, but by the gospel—the good news, the encouraging news, the glorious news, that Jesus Christ came from heaven to break a path of light, so that men might walk no more in the darkness and confusion of unbelief.

Again, those put in trust with the gospel as leaders and teachers should be men of large faith—prophets, seers—those who by faith can see what others do not see. It is said of Moses, that "he endured, as seeing him who is invisible." "He endured"; that is, he could remain firm, he could hold out against all discouragements without fear, without confusion, without distress, because by faith he could see God—see what God is doing, and will do. A discouraged prophet, a discouraged minister, is an anomaly. We may allow a prophet a cloudy day once in a while, or a blue Monday, if he will go off in the wilderness and hide behind a juniper tree, so that

no one can see him, nor even know of his temporary falling from grace. The people should never know anything by word, look, or hint, of a prophet but that he is dwelling in the glad expectancy of expansion. They should see him enduring, standing firm, calm, unmoved, because he sees the invisible. He sees success in defeat; he sees progress, where others see only failure, and are convinced that the "former days were better than these." He sees the difficulties—yes, mountains of them—but he sees the divine energies by which they are being overcome, and will be overcome. I wish it might not be true of us as prophets and ministers, according to the proverb set forth by Christ—"the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The children of this world have their seers—their prophets—who see the invisible—the invisible in material things. And they always triumph in the end over the sceptical, the doubters. Many years ago a few men began to prophesy. They prophesied that a railroad would be built across the plains, across the Rocky Mountains, across the Cascade mountains, to the Pacific sea. There was a vast amount of unbelief. The sceptic said, "A railroad can never be built across the deserts, the mountains, the rivers, the canyons, that block the way and render it impossible." But the seers could see things invisible to other men. They, too, saw the deserts, and mountains, and rivers and canyons —the impassable barriers; but they saw other things at the same time. They saw great companies of men wonderfully organized and equipped, with men of brains and energy to direct them. They saw in such a place as the gorge of the Columbia river, in the midst of the Cascade mountains, the overhanging precipices, reaching thousands of feet from the water's edge, the mountain too large to be circumvented, and no resting-place for the trestle work below. But they saw men led up to the top of the mountain and then suspended by ropes along the face of the precipice, drilling numerous holes in its side, filling them with blasting material and then being drawn up to the top of the mountain, out of harm's way, when fearful explosions shattered to pieces the solid rock, to fall roaring and seething into the river below. And thus they saw section after section of the rock mountain cleared away, and at last a roadbed is made by the river's side. To be true ministers of Christ, we must have the faith that sees mountains removed.

"But as we are allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak." Now, this language translated into the thought and experience of the Christian world to-day would certainly mean that ministers and laymen, and churches and missionary societies, are intrusted with the gospel. It is a grand trust, a high responsibility. Not a responsibility to become a burden, nor to be feared because of its sacrifices; a responsibility not to be slighted, nor shifted, nor evaded—a responsibility to be counted the highest privilege possible for human action. To serve God as a duty, even when the duty seems irksome—when as yet the heart has not discovered the joy and the beauty of the duty—is noble. And there must often be the schooling which the law of duty lays upon the conscience, before the law of privilege comes in to take its place. "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." But friends! May we not urge upon ourselves more constantly the faithful law of privilege? What is it that God has allowed—permitted—approved of, in the providential surroundings of our lives. Was there ever such a time, and such privileges, and such opportunities, as those wherein we are "put in trust with the gospel?" I know there are places where men do, from the human point of view, regard it as a great privilege to stand before men with the gospel. Give to a man exceptional qualifications, and then give him a field in a large church, with a large salary, surrounded by splendid social and literary conditions. Ah! that is a privilege—to be put in trust with the gospel, in such a place. How many ministers are dissatisfied. They may even be conscientiously and faithfully trying to serve the Lord in small and hard and trying fields. They are working from a sense of duty, or because they cannot do any better. But, oh! yonder in that other place—what a privilege it would be to enjoy a field worthy of one's equipment and qualifications! Why, brethern, there is no higher privilege this side of sitting down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the upper kingdom than that of being put in trust with the gosple in the smallest, hardest field on earth, where God wants the gospel to go—where he wants it taught and lived for the salvation of souls. And the same with any man or woman who has any prompting or desire for Christian service. There are some churches where men and women go, where they consider it a privilege to belong to them, and have a place in the work going on in them. But other churches, where they are more needed, they do not care to belong to them. In a small, struggling church I know of there came a woman into the congregation who had never been a church member. But she came to the meetings and began to take quite an interest in the services and the Sunday-school—so much so that by and by one of her friends, a church member, thought she was very near to the kingdom, and so asked her one day if she would not join the church. "No, indeed," she replied, "I will never join this church." She was probably thinking of what it might be to her to join a church some time. She

was thinking of the privileges that might come to her when she might find herself in a larger place, and consent to join a large and prosperous church, where the responsibilities would be fewer, and privileges greater, or talents more appreciated. She did not stop to think that the Lord had put her in a place of exceptional opportunities, where she could help the weak and encourage the faint-hearted; where she could reach and influence the young people and lead them to Christ and into his church. One of the marvels of our Christian civilization is that there are so many people outside of the churches and outside of the Christian profession who seem to need urging to take up and join in with the work of God in their own neighborhood. They do not wonder if the minister urges them to this duty sometimes. They do not wonder if the church members seem anxious to enlist them and their influence in the good work they are trying to do. And, now and then, there are some who are kind enough to say, "We suppose we ought to; we suppose it is our duty; but somehow, we do not come to the point of taking up our duty." Taking up your duty? And when you are thinking, have you thought only on the side of duty? Has the other side never occurred to you? Has it never occurred to you that there is far more of *privilege* than of *duty* in the case? Has it never occurred to you that, in the fact of there being a church of Christ in your midst, that you are missing the opportunity of your life by not identifying yourself with it? I judge that no church is perfect, and that we can find weaknesses in church members everywhere, notwithstanding God's treasures are committed to it. I have seen beauty dressed in homespun; I have seen gold in purses that were black and unseemly, or that looked the worse for the wear. I have seen water sparkling as diamonds in a glass that was chipped and seamed and cracked; but it still held the precious liquid. "The treasure is in earthen vessels." God has allowed it. He has permitted imperfect men and women and imperfect churches to be put in trust with the gospel. And he will allow you, with all your imperfections, to be put in trust with his work and his kingdom, if only you will see your opportunity and embrace it. It ought to be considered the greatest privilege of our lives to be in any and every way possible identified with the work of the gospel. Some months ago the pastor of this church called us together, to come out and assist in organizing a church at Bachelor Flat (an added evidence, with others, that he is approved of God to be put in trust with the gospel). I wonder if all the people of the neighborhood have come to realize what a blessing it is to have a repository of God's grace and mercy among them? And if there might be but two or three faithful ones there who hold up the Light of the World, they are highly honored of God. Let them feel that they are put in trust with the gospel and be inspired to live it, make their lives shine for it, speak for it, and pray for it to become a living power in the hearts and lives of men and women and children. I do not know of any better impression, as a working motive in this association at this time—than that we are charged with great and precious interests. I do not know any better impression we could leave with this church, whose guests we are, than that these friends are greatly favored of the Lord in his trusting them with the precious interests of his kingdom in this place and surrounding region. I do not know any better impression we can carry away with us to our home churches than that our sisterhood of churches are the almoners, the distributors, of God's bounteous gospel blessings to the people. Just at this point I want to say a word—one little word—about our being put in trust with the gospel as Congregationalists.

We are not a people to be always exploiting our denominational superiority and advantages in the simple, yet reasonable, polity which we believe to be reasonable, Scriptural and effective. We care more for the spirit than the form, and we care more for the salvation of souls and an enthusiastic interest in all God's plans for uplifting humanity than for denominational success. We recognize, up to the present time at least (we do not know how it may be in the future), that God has not placed the whole responsibility for the giving of the gospel to the world upon Congregationalists, and we bid other denominational families Godspeed in their work. There is enough work for all, and we ought not to clash. I think it has been our way quite as much as another's to do as Abraham did with Lot when he said, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou wilt depart to the right, then I will go to the left." Nevertheless, a privilege, and a work to do, God has put us in trust with the gospel to bear witness to the essentials, over sectarianism, and over the pride of historic precedent, and over governmental functions in church life.

The largeness of our opportunities should be a constant inspiration. What an inspiration it is to business men that they are in touch with all of the world, and read its prices current, its percentage and exchange, the rise and fall of stocks and bonds, in the morning newspaper. What an inspiration to literary men that their doings, thoughts and productions are made known to each other by mail and telegraph the world over! And so with scholars, scientists and explorers. What an inspiration it ought to be to all Christian men and women that they can read in both the religious and secular press the wonderful story of the world-wide movements of Christ's king-

dom! Then, too, consider the organized Christian work of the great Missionary Societies. How much to be regretted that some people do not wish to consider it! There are no banks, exchanges or commercial enterprises managed so wisely and safely and economically as our missionary societies. There is no work in the world doing so much for the uplifting of humanity. They furnish a golden opportunity, or, if you prefer, a silver opportunity—yes, a penny opportunity or a bank-check opportunity for touching the keys of God's grand instruments for the salvation of men. No Christian ought to fail to touch often, if it is but with a touch of the smallest kind, daily or weekly, the cause that helps to swell the music of salvation in the earth. I remember a certain commendation, given by Christ to a certain poor widow. It was only a farthing she cast into the treasury, but her heart was in the gift. But there were no missionary societies then to herald the news of the glorious Savior. It was simply to sustain the old temple worship. But if Jesus stood over against the treasury of the temple then to observe the people casting in their gifts, with how much greater interest of approval, or disapproval, must he stand over against the treasury of the missionary societies to see how much, and with what intent, his people are giving for his sake, and the perishing millions he came to save! Then remember how the wide-awake Christian may find opportunities of touching the interests of Christ's kingdom in business circles, in social circles, and in the complex relations of modern life.

There are some business men who reach other business men to bring them to Christ. And the Christian business man who has not learned to say, "I will use the opportunities that come to me in business affairs to try to reach men for the kingdom of Christ," has not learned the important lesson, given by the Master, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Society.—Use your social influence for Christ. Go into society, wherever you are made welcome. Do not be a recluse. I do not mean that you shall care for society in what we call fashionable society, for its own sake—for its fashions, follies and ambitions. Much of what is called society life may not be congenial to the Christian.

Nevertheless, we are to use all social privileges to influence and reach men for God in all possible ways. It was Christ's way. He reached out after men though society. Visited in people's houses; he used feasts and weddings and parties to get before men the truth of God, entering as much as possible into the largeness of human life and thought and action. It is no narrow life, where God puts us in trust with the gospel. The world claims the great things—the inventions, the improvements, the ships, the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, the mail service, the libraries, the colleges, the universities, for its own. To the world, these things belong in the line of material and commercial progress. But the thoughtful Christian looks at them differently. To him these things are all instruments for the progress of the kingdom. The doors of opportunity into India, China, Japan, Africa and the Philippines have not been opened principally for the sake of furnishing markets, where men may buy and sell and get gain, but they have been opened that Christ, through his servants and his truth, and all the appliances of Christian effort, may be exalted as King and Lord over all.

It ought to be a burning question in our hearts as to how we can best fulfill the trust committed to us. We cannot do it by any narrow conception of our work. We must not forget that all the Christian forces of the world are hurrying into closer contact all the time. One minister in a small field, or one obscure Sunday-school teacher of a class of boys or girls, may be preparing some one for a far-reaching work in some college, or seminary, or university, or in some missionary work in China, Japan, or India, to help to give the heathen to Christ for his inheritance.

Some of these pastors may be training their churches in the regular support of our great missionary societies, imbuing some souls with such an interest in, and love for, the work that the little rills of benevolence may widen into large streams of bounty for the conversion of the world, and every man and woman of faith become a part of God's great work in the redemption of the world.

I have been thinking of this grand and beautiful Columbia river, on whose banks we meet to-night—of its lordly and majestic sweep to the sea, of its everlasting highway, whereon pass to and fro the steamers and the great ships of the world's commerce. And the question arises, "Whence comes it all?"

And I go back to the fountains—to the springs and rivulets, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, and separated from each other by vast stretches of distance—and I ask them one by one, "Who are you and what are you?" And each one replies, "I am a part of the great Columbia river; I am on my way to swell its volume and currents to the sea." And so my message to you to-night is, "If you are a Christian man or woman, or boy or girl; if you are a Sunday-school teacher, or a janitor; if you are one of God's ministers, known or unknown; or, collectively speaking, if you are a church of Christ, large or small, and any one should ask you, 'Who, or what you are?' you may say with the springs and rivulets, 'I am a part of God's great river of salvation, moving on to swell its volume and power to the wide sea of God's infinite mercy and truth and grace.'"

A Day in Washington.

By Rev. E. D. Hale

Washington is widely celebrated for its beauty. This reputation does not rest upon its natural location, for it is built upon rather uninteresting low lands, lying along the Potomac river, but the city was intelligently planned and has been built up with an eye to the public convenience and attractiveness. A short visit has convinced me that there is probably no more interesting city in the United States. Let me share with the readers of The Pacific my impressions of the capital city.

Washington is a city of shade-trees. The day we were there was an exceedingly warm one, but on almost every street there is an abundance of large trees protected by iron palings. It is a quiet city. The streets have bituminous pavements and there is a marked absence of the push and bustle one finds in New York, Chicago, or even in San Francisco. People take their time in Washington. Working hours for many clerks begin at nine o'clock. At our boarding house breakfast hours were from eight to nine. The business houses are spread over a wide area, and few of them are more than five or six stories high. "Sky-scrapers" have not come into fashion. The city extends itself laterally and not vertically.

The building which one naturally seeks out first of all is the Capitol. It is not hard to find. Its beautiful dome is a landmark, conspicuous from all parts of the city. It is a grand and dignified building in its external appearance. It was begun in 1793, George Washington laying the corner-stone. In 1814 it was partially destroyed by British soldiers, but was rebuilt after the original plans, and was completed in 1827. The north and south wings were built and a new dome was put on between the years 1851 and 1865. The cost of the building and its furnishings thus far has been about $15,000,000.

As the capitol is the center of Washington, so the rotunda is the center of the capitol. You look up 180 feet to the canopy of the dome overhead, where there is a famous fresco, the "Apotheosis of Washington." Around the sides of the rotunda are eight historical paintings, each 12x18 feet in size. These are the well-known pictures so often reproduced on stamps and elsewhere, "The Landing of Columbus," "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," etc. The latter picture was painted by John Trumbull, Washington's military Secretary, and every face is a portrait from life. Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, which has figured on so many postage stamps, also hangs on the Capitol walls.

But we must pass on. We go out of the central portico, where all the Presidents are inaugurated, down the broad flight of stone steps, across the Capitol park to the Library of Congress. This is the newest and handsomest public building in Washington. When we say "public" building, the word is no misnomer. The reading room in the rotunda is open for public use from nine a. m. till ten p. m. Only representatives and senators can withdraw books, but any one can read books or periodicals at will in the building. I went there in the evening, was assigned a reading desk, and had the entire resources of the library at command. That is democracy; it is almost Bellamyism. The library receives, under United States' laws, two copies of every book, pamphlet, picture, etc., published and copyrighted in this country. It now contains over 1,000,000 books and pamphlets, and 500,000 pieces of music, maps, prints and the like. The library has space to accommodate 4,500,000 books, if required.

I shall not attempt to give any description of the interior decorations. Vedder, Macmonnies, Kenyon Cox, John W. Alexander, and more than fifty others of the foremost architects, painters and sculptors of America co-operated in the erection of the building under the direction of the Chief of Engineers of the U. S. Army. The result is a building which embodies the best results in American art. If ever you can, make a tour to Washington and see it. It is worth while. If you cannot, then study it in the best pictures obtainable.

The next day we went to the Washington monument. Everything here speaks of the father of his country, and what could commemorate him better than a stately, simple shaft of granite and marble, rising to a height which overlooks all other objects? An elevator conveys passengers to the summit, but it was not running, and your correspondent climbed the stairs to the top, 555 feet above the ground. There is no outlook till the summit is reached. The interior is lighted with coal-oil lamps. Many memorial stones are fitted into the inner walls, given by States, cities, lodges, etc. We walked leisurely, and it took half an hour to go up, and twenty minutes to come down. The view from the top is superb. Washington and its environs on both sides of the Potomac for miles around is spread out to your field of vision as the balloonist or the bird sees it. The windows are part way up the pyramid, which caps the monument, so you cannot see the ground near the base, and consequently there is no feeling of dizziness. Across the river is the Lee mansion in Arlington, where George Washington met and won his bride, Martha Custis. Out of that house Robert E. Lee went to fight for a losing, hopeless cause, the dismemberment of the Union. Here, under the oaks once owned by the Confederate general, are sleeping twenty thousand soldiers, who died defending the flag which he foolishly thought

to destroy. In the opposite direction are Howard University, a noble Congregational institution for the education of colored people; also the Soldiers' Home and the Catholic University. Look which ever way we choose, there are beautiful buildings and scenes of great historical interest. A polite attendant points out all important features in the view and furnishes you with a field glass. For these things and also for the service of the elevator, when it is running, no charge whatever is made. The people "own" Washington.

From the monument we went a short distance northward to the White House. The east room is open to the public from ten to two daily. This is the State reception room, 80x40 feet and 22 feet high. It contains fine, full-length portraits of George and Martha Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. The decorations of the room are elegant. The other parts of the White House are usually closed to visitors, but our cards were sent up to the President, who was in his private office, and after waiting some five minutes in a reception room at the head of the stairs, we were admitted to the presence of the chief executive of the nation. He received us in a very kind and gracious manner, and spoke with us for a few moments about California and about the political convention just past. President McKinley is a man below the average height, of medium stoutness, pleasant countenance, and a low-pitched, musical voice. The sketch printed in the last Outlook is an excellent likeness.

We left Washington with a strong desire to return to it again. It is beautiful, homelike, democratic, charming.

The Parousia.

Editor of The Pacific: I thank you sincerely for the appearance of a notice of my book, "Christ Came Again," in your issue of July 5th, and I thank also my dear friend W. C. P. for his kind and complimentary words; but I must confess myself astounded when he says, after speaking of the interest felt in perusing the work and the curiosity experienced to know when or in what event the author finds the parousia, that "one is disappointed that he [the author] does not find it at all, but supposes it to have taken place in a certain period left, singularly, without record in the history of the early Church."

If this disappointment on the part of W. C. P. arises from the fact that the author does not find the second coming of our Lord *in* some other event there may be some foundation for it, because the author makes no effort to find it *in* any other event, but to find it *as* an event in itself. But the disappointment seems also to rest on the supposed failure of the author to establish a date for the event, which is certainly, to say the least, a broad misapprehension.

On page 17 I say, "The better interpretation, therefore, to give the phrase 'the parousia' would be that of a certain, definite event, taking place within a well-defined and narrow period," etc.

Again, on page 22, I say, "The doctrine, therefore, which we present is that the second advent of our Lord is a past occurrence; that his parousia took place about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem," etc. On page 37 I say, "This is amazing, in view of the writings of Dean Farrar and other preteristic authors, who hold that Christ did come in about forty years after his interview with Peter and John, and that John did, in all probability, live until the parousia took place." On page 51 also, "So the 'end of the age' came in about forty years after the prophecy of Christ," etc. Still again, on page 110, "We are under the imperative necessity of believing that the Lord did come in power and glory within the years immediately succeeding the writing of the book" of Revelation. And so, again, again, and again, the book fixes the date of the second advent about seventy years after the first. The exact *day* and *hour* cannot be fixed, for obvious reasons.

But the words of my genial brother, "Until we approach the conclusion of the argument," seem to indicate that he supposed the date of the event would be specifically stated in the last part of the book when it is in the first part that this statement is most definitely given, and this may have been a part which was "skipped," or merely scanned.

As to several "comings" of our Lord, assumed by W. C. P., I can do no better than to quote here an extract from J. Stuart Russell's great work, which I place with fullest approbation on pages 17 and 18 of the book: "There is in fact no ambiguity whatever as to the coming referred to in the passage now under consideration (Matt. xvi: 27, 28). It is not one of the several possible comings, but the one, sole, supreme event so frequently predicted by our Lord, so constantly expected by his disciples. It is his coming in glory, his coming in judgment, his coming in his kingdom; the coming of the kingdom of God. It is not the same thing as the destruction of Jerusalem—that is another event, related and contemporaneous, but the two are not to be confounded. The New Testament knows of only one parousia, one coming in glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is altogether an abuse of language to speak of several senses in which Christ may be said to come; at his own resurrection, at the day of Pentecost, at the destruction of Jerusalem, at the death of a believer, and at various providential epochs. This is not the usage of the New Testament, nor is it accurate language in any point of view." (See also pages 85, 86.)

Our Lord clearly distinguishes in John xiv-xvi between his coming and the coming of the

Comforter at Pentecost. The objects of the two comings are the widest possible. When the believer dies he departs to be with Christ; it is not a coming of Christ to him (Phil. i:23; II Peter i:14; Acts vii:59).

Regarding the absence of record of the event in the history of the early church I show, on page 234, that there was no church history in which to record it, and there were no sources from which facts could be gathered. For three quarters of a century not a sentence of church history was written. Neander says that of this period "we have no information, nor can the total want of sources for this part of church history be at all surprising." On pages 302-306 I give the reasons for the blank—reasons which should satisfy every thoughtful mind.

Let me ask the affable writer of the notice to carefully peruse the book once more.

W. S. Urmy.

Mary Johnston.

Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope," was born in Buchanan, Virginia, a little town on the James river where it breaks through the Blue Ridge, in the midst of a region of great natural beauty. In this town her childhood and early youth were chiefly spent, though she was familiar with other sections of her native State, and with that portion of West Virginia which had been her mother's home. She was a quiet child, liking to be out of doors, but caring little for games or play, and when indoors always wanting a book. Her education she received at home. Her father's mother was a Scotchwoman, of rare beauty and force of character and of a fine intelligence, and by her Miss Johnston was taught from her fourth to her eighth year, when the grandmother died. Then her aunt taught her for several years, and was followed by governesses. It was all very easy, desultory schooling. Her health was always frail, and there were many interruptions, but whether sick or well she was continually reading. There was no restriction laid upon her in this respect, and she read what she pleased—poetry, history, fiction—whatever came to her hand. Scott and Dickens she read and re-read, and she early acquired a love for Shakespeare.

Her father, who had served in the Confederate army as a major of artillery, returned after the war to his profession, the law. Becoming interested in railroad matters, first in Virginia and then in the farther South, his affairs finally called him to Birmingham, Alabama, and to this city, in Miss Johnson's sixteenth year, the family removed. It was their custom, however, to return year by year to Virginia for the summer months, and thus Miss Johnston's associations with the State which she still calls home have remained unbroken.

The year following the removal to Alabama she was sent with her sister to a girls' school in Atlanta. In three months her health gave way, and she was taken home. This was the last of her regular—or irregular—schooling. Thenceforward she studied and read at home and as she chose. A year later the death of her mother devolved upon her, the eldest of the six children of the family, the care of her father's household—a care which she still exercises.

Up to her nineteenth year Miss Johnston's life had been passed chiefly in the mountains. During the year following her mother's death, she crossed the ocean with her father, visiting France, Italy, England, Scotland and Ireland, and at various times during her girlhood she had been for a while at this or that seaside resort, but she did not know and love the water as she did the hills. The summer after her return from Europe was the first of a series of summers spent upon a small island off the eastern shore of Virginia. It is interesting to note that the mountains and hills of which she was so fond have figured largely upon the pages of "Prisoners of Hope," while several shore and marsh descriptions in "To Have and to Hold" were drawn from the author's close touch with the ocean at Cobb's Island.

In 1893 the Johnstons removed to New York City, and lived there for four years, going to Virginia every summer. Miss Johnston's health had always been delicate, and in the second year of her stay in New York she became for a time practically an invalid. Forced to lie still, she could yet read and study, and as it was easier to hold a pencil than a book, she began to write for her own amusement. In the winter of 1896 she commenced "Prisoners of Hope." For two years she went quietly on with the book, able to write but little at a time, and never able to foresee the next chapter. Finally, about the first of 1898, the story was finished and submitted to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, who at once accepted it. Of the popularity of this book and the great success of her later book, "To Have and To Hold," the reading public is well aware.

Previous to the completion of "Prisoners of Hope," Miss Johnston had, with her family, returned to Birmingham, where her home now is. "To Have and To Hold" was written with many interruptions from illness. By reason of her frail health, the care due to her father's house and her habits of study, her life has been to a great extent a quiet and retired one; and now that writing has become to her something to be pursued with more earnestness than can be attached to a recreation, she is more than ever at home.

Heaven's grandest promotions will be for those who on earth fought against odds.

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Extracts from Recent Letters.

FROM MRS. DORWARD—AMANZIMTOTE, SOUTH AFRICA.

I still have the Woman's Tuesday morning prayer-meeting. It is most interesting. They pray so beautifully and seem to have such an understanding of the plan of salvation. It is very wonderful to me. Last Tuesday morning I took this verse "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. I had been spending several hours reading and thinking upon it when Ruth and Helen Cowles and Paul Bunker ran through the hall and out of the door. In a moment I heard a distressed cry, "Auntie Dorward! Auntie Dorward! a snake, a snake!" I rushed out and saw the ugliest specimen of a puff-adder, the bite of which is seldom cured. The children went and called their father, while Miss Stillson and I stood guard. It crossed the path, darting its tongue out as it drew near, and finally coiled up underneath a window, behind a vine; there it lay quite still until Mr. Cowles came. His strong arm soon dispatched it, and as he pulled it out, we shuddered when we realized how near the children came to stepping on it. I told the women of it the next day as I spoke of the poison of sin working in our hearts. Every one says they never heard of so many snakes before in their lives in Natal. As we think of these dangers all about us, we realize how near death is to us all, and on the other hand we feel, as never before, the protecting hand of our God. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice." In speaking of the women who come to the Tuesday morning prayer-meeting, she writes: "I cannot say that they are good-looking, taken as a whole; they are not well dressed, not even clean, some of them. One not interested in them would be repulsed, I fear, oftentimes. One old woman who is positively ugly I am very much drawn to. Her prayers are marvels of earnestness and strength. She is truly a saved woman, and that is what we look for most of all. Their bright, earnest faces cover a multitude of defects in face, figure and dress. The women age so fast, and one seldom, if ever, sees a beautiful old woman. She has lost, by hard toil, all the beauty she ever possessed. Life amongst the Zulus deals hard with the women. About Christmas time, Mrs. Bunker suggested having a little feast for those who came to the prayer-meeting, those who were in her Sunday-school class and the wives of the theological students. We bought bread, meat and tea, and it was spread for them at the "Home" of the kraal girls. About fifty came. After they had finished we went in to see them. They tried to thank us, but they couldn't seem to find words to express their gratitude. Soon one woman was down on her knees, pouring out her heart to God. There was no lack for words then. Three or four followed her in earnest prayer. We felt that it was worth all that it cost and more. You ask about Senayi (their Bible woman). She is now at home, to plant her garden, I think. She is a very sweet little woman. Many in her home, and in the kraals round about, owe their salvation to her prayers and earnest effort in their behalf. God has used her in a marked way.

FROM MISS PERKINS—OOTACAMUND, INDIA.

Ootacamund is a hill station, about 7,500 feet above the sea. It is a change from the intense heat of the plains at this season, and to add to the pleasure my brother's two sons are at school here.

In Tiramangalam we have about ninety-five children, boys and girls in our boarding-school —about eighty or ninety boarders and the remainder day scholars. The boys and girls recite together, but have separate dormitories and dining-rooms. We have twelve or more heathen boys and girls in the school. This is quite remarkable, for they break caste by eating with Christians, but heathen fathers, even of high position, are anxious to have their children educated.

There are several heathen girls of the thief caste with us also, and I do trust that they may learn to love the Savior while with us. They belong to a much dreaded class of people, who believe that they were born to steal and plunder, created by the gods for this purpose, and therefore it is very difficult for us to make them believe that it is a sin for them to practice this profession. It is most important to educate as many children of this caste as possible. One of the girls has become a Christian. She was the first who came to us. Her sister has since been sent to the school, as the family are very poor. Although we are not having actual famine in the south, rains have failed this year, and grains are selling at almost famine rates, and some of the thief caste girls have come to us for this reason. We have many of this caste in our station. My brother's traveling bullocks were stolen one night, and our cow another, by these people. We recovered them all after a few weeks, however, but my brother sold the bullocks in consequence, and we hire bullocks from the village for touring, etc.

I have also in the compound a girl's Hindu school of about forty-five children. The Bible is taught as well as other studies, and the children attend church services and meetings for prayer. They learn to pray and take part in meetings like children of Christian parentage. One of the little girls who finished with us last year has been punished by her mother because she refused to worship heathen gods. She is betrothed to a heathen boy and I fear for her future, unless he becomes a Christian. He is studying in one of our mission day schools in Madura. These two children would make an important subject of prayer for your Young Ladies' Society. The girl's name is Am-a-ni (lady).

I have also charge of zenana work in our station. I have three Bible women working in Tiramangalam. One of the readers professes to be a Christian, but does not dare to be baptized, publicly, on account of her relatives. Please pray that the Lord will lead her away from the chains which bind her (her friends), and I would also like you to remember a number of women of a certain caste in Tiramangalam, who seem to be turning to the Lord. They are losing faith in idolatry and are willing to hear the gospel. I believe we have about forty readers of this caste. They have been persecuted by higher castes and are not allowed to enter heathen temples, which they have helped to build, by contributing thousands of dollars. I have another Bible woman working in a village a few miles out of Tiramangalam.

When you remember your missionary, you will now know how better to pray for her work. I have not mentioned the many Christian women in our different congregations throughout our district, who are also on our hearts and need our help.

Warm greetings to the friends who are contributing to my support.

Let us remember these special requests for prayer, with the "Hour of Prayer," from five to six every Sabbath evening.

"Tis five o'clock! how sweet the hour and holy:
Secure and beautiful the one retreat
To which we turn with quickening hearts and lowly,
Our gracious, sympathizing Lord to meet.
'Tis five o'clock—the Lord's own day is ending
With holiest crowning of the hours we love.
No public service, but each closet sending
It's meek petition to the throne above.
Then shall this hour become a sanctuary,
Unseen by any but the God who gave:
A precious hiding place where we may carry
All burdened souls we long to help and save."

Members at times complain that their minister does not "draw" a large congregation; yet they do nothing to draw outsiders to the house of God by a cordial invitation to come. Help your pastor to fill the house.

The Sunday-School.

The Transfiguration. (Luke ix: 28-36.)

LESSON. July 29, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*This is my beloved Son: hear him.*" (Luke ix: 35.)

The Lesson Background.

Time and place.—The date of the transfiguration can not be certainly fixed; it was probably A. D. 28 or 29. Neither can we say positively where it took place. Mount Tabor is the traditional scene; but this is unlikely for many reasons, and modern scholarship inclines to some one of the peaks of Mount Hermon.

Vs. 28, 29. "Eight days after": this is an inclusive reckoning. Matthew and Mark say "six days." The usual Jewish manner of reckoning time treated fractions of days as whole days. "These sayings": the conversation recorded in the immediate context (Luke ix: 18-27), in which Jesus foretold his death. "Peter and James and John": these three apostles, who had been associated in secular business, Jesus selected to witness the crowning and pivotal events of his life, probably as being the best able to understand his deepest experiences. "The object of this occasion was to fill their souls with a vision that would support their faith amid the horrors they afterward witnessed." "A mountain": Jesus ascended the mountain in the evening, and the transfiguration took place at night.

V. 29. "As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered": His face shone with a glorious radiance. Even with ordinary men tumultuous passions, like guilt, shame, hope, and love, modify the countenance and alter the gait. Jesus was now experiencing the closest intimacy with the Godhead of which the human soul is capable, and his body was glorified by the excess of spiritual power. On an immeasurably lower plane analogies may be found in the splendor of the face of Stephen when before his eyes the heavens opened (Acts vi: 15), and in the glory which lingered about the face of Moses when he descended from Sinai (Exod. xxxiv: 29). "His raiment was white and glistering": even his garments were ablaze with heavenly light, "so as no fuller on earth can whiten them" (Mark ix: 3). "The original suggests the brilliancy of the lightning flash. This supernatural brightness suggested the possession of a higher dignity than would the purple of royalty they had hoped to see him wear. Did the three disciples think of this when, a few months later, the soldiers were casting lots for these garments?"—[Buell.

Vs. 30-33. "Moses" stood for God's law, "Elias" (Elijah) for his prophetic relations. The instant identification of these men by Peter, James and John gives good ground

for our confident hope of the recognition of our friends in heaven. It is a singular fact that these were the two holy Hebrews whose demise was different from the "common death of all men." "Appeared in glory": not merely with a halo about their heads, as painters have fancied, but the brilliance of the heavenly world still lingered all about their garments. "And spake of his decease which he should accomplish": "When the disciples expressed such earnest opposition to Jesus exposing himself to death (Matthew xvi: 22) they thought only of his sufferings and of his separation from them." But Moses and Elijah could look beyond the cross and consider the glorious results. The blessedness of human redemption was the theme of their conversation. "Heavy with sleep": intense feeling sometimes acts like an intoxicant, a soporific. But it is plain from the Greek that neither Peter nor his companions were really asleep. Keeping awake through the night, they saw his glory, is the sense of the text. They were burdened with drowsiness, but this vision was no dream. "When they were awake": "As the various scenes of the great event unfolded they became fully aroused and excited, and knew that they were beholding a sublime reality."

"As they departed from him": "Not necessarily moving away, but becoming invisible." "It is good for us to be here": two interpretations of this expression have been given. The first places the emphasis on "us"—"It is good that we disciples are here." The second makes "here" the emphatic word—"It is good for us to be in this place." "Tabernacles": "temporary shelters made of mountain brush in which the three holy ones might be protected from the keen air, and sleep until sunrise. It was the impulsive devotion which so often speaks before it thinks. This is the same Peter who is ready with a proposal to the ghost treading the rocking ridges of Gennesaret" (Matt. xiv. 28). "Not knowing what he said": he was talking without knowledge, being wild with delight. But Dr. Gobin explains it to mean, "not knowing the consequences if his suggestion should be adopted."

Vs. 34-36. "While he thus spake, there came a cloud": It was a luminous, effulgent cloud, not reflecting the rays of the sun, but shining with an incandescent light. This golden cloud overshadowed them, not making a dark shade, but enveloping them. "They feared": Possibly they feared that Jesus would go with Moses and Elijah in their return to heaven. "Hear ye him": Turn from the doctrines and traditions of the past to the teaching of the Incarnate Word. "Was found alone": Looking up, after Jesus had touched them (Matt. xvii: 7), they saw that both the cloud and the two prophets had vanished. "Kept it close": The word used indicates silence prompted by awe. "Told no man": Not even their nine fellow-disciples. This was in accordance with Jesus' command (Mark ix: 9). "But over a quarter of a century after the resurrection Peter referred to this event with great force and beauty (II Pet. i: 17, 18), and at a much later period John also alluded to it (John i: 14). We have no account of Christ speaking of his transfiguration. He claimed to be glorified in his faithful disciples.

GLEANINGS.

The influence of religion in the human heart may be compared to the effect of electricity on a piece of iron. At first but an inert mass of cold metal, it becomes, by the presence of the electrical current, a magnet capable of activity in manifold ways, and of exerting a power which, when looked at in its original state, seemed an impossibility.—[Phillips Brooks.

God often leads us to the appreciation of the best things by experience of their opposites. If one wanted to get such a love and knowledge of light, for instance, as would amount to perfect ecstacy and illumination, he would spend a year in a rayless mine, and then come gradually forth into the sunshine. That is God's way of revealing to us his supreme blessings. We have so often to serve our apprenticeship to the dark things before we can understand the bright things.—[James Buckham.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry, by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears as he said, "You remember that girl, sir? She was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God; but if so, she can tell him what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, or from her father's lips! Oh, that she were with me but for one day again!"—[Norman McLeod.

Oh, cherish *hope!* You can never tell when the long road is going to have its turning. Remember upon how slight a circumstance (as upon a little pivot) the whole world has sometimes spun round. Perhaps the next tooth in the great wheel of time to slip into a notch will set in operation a train of circumstances loaded with blessings for you. Never say die! Never give up the ship! While there is life there is hope. Hope on! Hope ever! Hope against hope!

> "I laugh, for hope is happiness with me,
> If my bark sinks—'tis to a happier sea."

said William Ellery Channing. And to all great souls, the lesser hope always sinks into the larger.—[Charles Frederic Goss.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Cumberers of the Ground. (Luke xiii: 6-9.)

Topic for July 29th.

This passage from Luke is a pronounced example of the great value of even some brief teachings of our Lord. Here are twelve lines which, if carefully studied, are worth more to character and experience than many entire volumes that are read with eagerness. Mr. Ink Well's recent novel, "Harum Scarum," is deservedly popular as a successful delineation of quaint character. It furnishes a choice bit of literary recreation. But from every point of view worth mentioning, this scrap of fiction, introduced here by Jesus to make plain and forcible one of the great principles of God's dealing with men, is incomparably greater and more suggestive to any man with an earnest purpose in his life. Beginners in real study of the Bible would do well to take these dozen lines and master them.

* * *

Use your mind as a "developer" and wash this spiritual photograph with thought and prayer until there appears before you, in clear outline and detail, a picture something like this: God has given a man certain powers and opportunities. The intention of this bestowal was that the individual might produce specific results which his Lord might use in his plans. He comes with this expectation to discover and take these results. Not only once, but several times, he comes to be successively disappointed. The results provided for and expected are not there. This failure in the man produce a protest and a query. A continuation of this unproductive existence can end only in one way. Ultimately, there must be a complete and final removal of the man from the relation he now holds to his Lord. But his personal love is such that he is easily persuaded to give a limited delay and make other careful attempts to remedy the defects in this man's energies; but always with the thought in mind that the original intent and expectation of products in that life alone can make sure the continuation of that person in his relation to his Lord.

* * *

Of whom is that a picture? Is it of me? Certainly I have powers and I have opportunities. Some vinedresser has often brought to me the raw material, out of which I might construct products of unmistakable kind and of definite use. Look back over three years, the time given in this parable. I have had the gentle stimulus of a Christian home or other friends. The pressing words of Jesus have been constantly at my hand, if I cared to give them thought. One day in every seven has presented abundant assistance in culture. On every side of me are teachers, only too glad to render aid. Stimulating suggestions and encouragements and examples have come out around me like buds bursting into a bower of blossoms. Then these visits, too, how often they have been made! In the calls to service, in the needs of his kingdom, proclaimed by human messenger or printed page, and in the requirements my own eyes have seen, the Lord has come to my life "seeking fruit"—Christian fruit—the kind of fruit his expectations came to receive and to use in redeeming this world. What has he found? Whose picture is this? Shall I pass it along to my neighbor? I will pause here a moment, close my eyes and pray about it.

* * *

It is a mistake to think that God so loves to save men from suffering that he will keep them in his kingdom, whether they are good for anything or not. Salvation is constructive. It does not bring a quantity of lumber to a man's life and leave it in a pile. It builds as well as supplies. It provides ideals. It develops skill. It provokes enterprise. It arouses eagerness. It ministers patience. And it fills the soul with indescribable satisfaction. The movements of the Holy Spirit after a man has become a disciple are vastly greater than before. An unproductive man—a cumberer of the ground, as he is called in this parable—must live a life of constant refusal to take the responsibilities which would lead him to fruitfulness. He must be ever responding, not, "Here am I, send me," but, "Here am I, and I will not go."

* * *

There is one universal law in operation about us that carries a potent suggestion on this theme. It is this: Every man coming into any position must bring value into it. It makes very little difference how superior a man may be as a musician, he is a cumberer of the ground as a carpenter if he cannot bring value with him as a workman when he enters that position. Being an excellent mechanic will not prevent a person from being a dreadful cumberer of the ground if he enter the work of a physician without bringing into his position medical knowledge and skill. Coming into the kingdom of God is no exception to this law. Our Lord expects us to bring value into this position. It is not the value that we might bring into other places in this world; but it is the value we possess by having a changed purpose, a new love, a higher fellowship, an exalted valuation, a hunger for more knowledge of God and a personal devotion to the will of Jesus Christ. A cumberer of the ground in the vineyard of discipleship must he be who comes into it and yet brings no value. For every one of us, if we have the right spirit, there is some specific work which we can do for the Master. It is work that will add to the products of his kingdom. He will show

it to us, if the supreme desire is in us to bear fruit. He may test us by waiting until we sincerely seek our place of productiveness. But at last, if not at first, he will plant us and make no mistake about it.

Home Circle.

What Is Indigestion?

BY LUCY H. YATES.

If you go about among women of all grades and in various positions in life, you will be almost certain to find eight out of every ten among them complaining of one malady, namely, indigestion. With a few it has progressed to dyspepsia; but only a few are willing to confess that their chronic enemy has so far mastered them. If you were to say to such that there is no such thing as indigestion—that what they class under this wholesale heading is a gradation scale of simple cause and effect, probably due in a large measure to their own folly and ignorance—do you think they would believe you? Not a word. Indigestion is a woman's pet disorder, and you cannot disabuse her belief in it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is no such thing as indigestion.

What really causes the pain and the uncomfortable sensations they suffer from is that either their digestive organs are being taxed with more work than they can get through, or else are in a state of revolt one with the other. The nerve force which ought to rush to their assistance when a call is made upon them at mealtimes is busy elsewhere, and, the salivary secretions not flowing easily, the machinery is thrown altogether out of gear. With the food itself there may be nothing wrong whatever, nor can any disease or weakness be traced in the organs taken by themselves. No; what we call by the name of indigestion we ought to call mismanagement.

One of the most prolific causes giving rise to this state of rebellion among the digestive forces is worry. It is one of those causes that medicine is powerless to operate upon, for it is a clear case of the influence of mind over matter.

Women are a good deal disposed to worry, especially over trifles. Big troubles and difficulties they pull through with praiseworthy courage, but trifles knock them over with surprising quickness. Women who are in business, and have a share of responsibility to carry, never forget their burdens; they shoulder them bravely enough, but groan under the weight all the same. They bring these burdens to their homes and to their tables; they are hardly ever dropped. The nerve forces, which ought to have been freed to help the stomachic organs in the important functions the latter are called upon to do, are so taken up with thinking about these worries that the stomach is left short-handed, consequently it does its work hurriedly and badly, and the burden-bearer rises from the table with a dissatisfied feeling, and groans again under the added woes of indigestion.

The housewife has spent several hours in anxious preparation of food, and she sits down at table without any previous rest, feeling almost a repugnance to partaking of that which has given her so much trouble; thankful, perhaps, if only the meal passes without complaint from one whose fastidious taste has oppressed her all her working hours. Her own salivary secretions seem all to have been dried up in over-exertion, and she is left unprepared for work on her own behalf.

The student comes direct from her books, eats her meal hurriedly, a book by her plate all the time, to be eagerly resumed again the instant food can be dismissed; she is yet another of those who are trying to do two things at once, and failing to do either well.

We never find nature trying to do two things at the same time, and she invariably rebels when, as individuals, we try to force double work upon her. It is a well-known aphorism that a divided force is a weak force, but we are very apt to forget the saying.

A table where good fellowship prevails, where work for the time is forgotten, where orderly arrangement of the food and its enjoyment are made sure, will be a table that none will leave with complaining; and if a quiet half-hour's rest is taken after it there is certain immunity from indigestion insured for all. A physician once said, "It does not matter what we eat so much as how we eat." It is certain that the best of food eaten hurriedly, and with work taxing both mental and physical powers resumed immediately afterward, does less good than a meal of poor food, if the latter is eaten in leisure and followed by a period of rest.

People who are engaged in business, and with but a short interval allowed them for meals, would be better nourished if, instead of pretending to make a dinner, or even a proper lunch, in the midst of their work, they contented themselves with just a sufficiency of light refreshment. A cup of hot drink and a sandwich would really sustain them better under these conditions than any number of more substantial dishes, for the simple reason that it would not overtax the forces that were at liberty to deal with it.

Another mistake into which business people, both men and women, frequently fall, is that of going too long without eating, so that nerve force, being literally exhausted, is too feeble to work at all. The good meal which awaits them on their return home fails to recuperate them as it ought to, because their powers are too enervated for the work of digesting it

properly. So we get indigestion again. Take it as a safe rule; frequent light refreshments are better than solid meals at long intervals. But there must be regularity with regard to these short fasts, too, or else we shall err on the other side.

To be well fed and to avoid the ills gathered under the dread name of indigestion—ills real enough to make life a sad burden—it is important not only to eat proper food at proper times, and to be in the right state of mind and body one's self, but it is even more important to pay attention to the gaseous food that we take into our lungs; we do not live by bread or solid food alone, in a very literal sense. We can live on one solid meal a day and keep in good health, and we can reach old age on the very plainest and simplest daily diet; but we can not, even for an hour, exist without a constant supply of oxygen. Try to do without fresh air, and you will lose all nerve force as a consequence. You will have no capacity for breathing, so your blood will not circulate; the muscular system will grow limp, and poisons, instead of being thrown off, will gradually accumulate within, then mind and body together must succumb.

All who complain of indigestion should ask themselves this plain question, whether they are breathing fresh air and taking as much outdoor exercise as they might do. For this malady the open-air treatment will effect a better cure and a more certain one than any amount of drugs, tonics, or pills. It will even do more than the best of food can do.

We see, then, that the function of nutrition is a more complex one than at first sight appears. The nutrition of the whole body requires every organ to be doing its own individual part in the work, and time and freedom must be accorded for the purpose.

A word, in conclusion, as to the deleterious habit of indulging in sweets to any extent. Sugar, being heat-producing, is wholesome enough in moderate proportions, and children can consume a great deal of it because of their excessive activity. With older people sugar it apt to induce diabetic conditions, and those who value their health will need no warning against such. Then, the eating of sweets between meals is bad, because these neither supply the real want nor leave an appetite for the food that does. Much of the acidity of the stomach which gives rise to so-called indigestion is due to the habit of eating sweets frequently.

Still another cause of indigestion among women is to be found in tea-drinking. Because tea is only mildly stimulant its effects are thought to be harmless, and it is indulged in at all hours, whereas alcohol would, if taken in the same way, soon betray itself. Yet the victims of tea drunkenness are as numerous as those of alcohol, and in course of time the results of either indulgence can be surely traced. Once, or, at the most, twice a day is as often as tea ought ever to be taken by any one, and promiscuous coffee-drinking is almost as injurious.—[Young Women.

Animal Intelligence.

How Near Does It Approach to Human Intelligence?

BY ISA A. EBERHART, M.D., LL.D.

Whilst we all acknowledge a certain kind of intelligence in animals, the suggestion that it approaches very near to human intelligence is apt to awaken a kind of skeptical frown. A friend of mine to whom the suggestion was made almost sneered and said, "There is no comparison at all." But the way to tell whether you are more intelligent than another is to put yourself in his place and see how much more of wisdom you would show. So I said to my friend, "Well, suppose your body could be suddenly changed to the body of a fly—with all the intelligence you have now—What could you do more than the fly does?" He looked a little confused, and hesitated. To relieve him, I said: "Well, if I were suddenly changed to a clam, with no hands or feet, and no wings to fly, but with a power to exude from my flesh a fluid that would form a shell, I think with my present intelligence I would look the situation over, and would say, 'I can't run away like a mouse, I can't fly like a bird or swim like a fish, but I *must* do something to protect myself.' So I would form a shell around my body, and by my fleshy muscles would move myself along through the water and get food to sustain life, and do very much as the clam does, and would probably show no more intelligence."

It is true that no animal can do what man can do. They can not even approximate man's achievements in general. But this is in part due to the difference in physical structure, for neither can man do what the animals can. He can not swim like a fish nor fly like a bird, nor eat through iron like a certain worm does, because he is not physically adapted to do so. But it is also true that some things he can not do so well for want of the same *mental* ability. Take the little tailor bee, for instance. When its leaf-cell is completed and filled with honey it needs a lid to fit into the end of the cell to keep the honey from leaking out, so it looks the cell over to see how large a lid will be needed to fit into it *exactly*. It flies out (often to a rosebush) and, selecting a nice, perfect leaf, it cuts out a circular lid that will exactly fit into the top of the cell—that will fit it so nicely that the honey will not leak out. Now, what man is there who could look at the top of a can, for instance, and then go down town and cut out a lid that would exactly fit into it—that would fit so nicely that the honey would not leak out?

The man may have as good a pair of scissors as the bee, but he has not the mental skill. The little bee is in advance. It might be thought, perhaps, that the little bee does it by mere mechanical instinct, but it has been found that the cells are not all of one size, so that could not be, and it must be that it does it by some mental skill that exceeds the ordinary power of man.

The wood bee gives us another illustration. It cuts a small circular hole into a tree, going in perhaps four or five inches; then downward twelve to eighteen inches. It then begins at the bottom of the hole, fixes a nice place, lays an egg, then fills in a bee's length of honey, puts a nice lid over it, lays another egg, and so keeps on till the hole is filled up. But the egg first deposited will hatch first. Then how can the young bee get out? And here comes the skill to which I wish to call attention. The mother bee meets the emergency. When the eggs are all laid it begins again on the outside of the tree opposite the bottom of the first hole, and cuts a hole in to meet the bottom of it. And it does its work so well that it strikes it exactly, giving the young bees a chance to come out one at a time as they become mature enough to do so. In the examinations I have made I have never found a hair's breadth of meeting the bottom of the first hole. Here is a piece of engineering that is not easily accomplished; even with the instruments of the engineer, and by mere mental power who could accomplish it? We are not quite equal to the little bee in *mental* engineering, and these are only a few of the many instances that might be given.

What Nan Could Do.

Nan was in the cosy sitting room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

"I'm just like them," she said, slowly. "I try to do something to be useful, and sometimes I can never accomplish anything."

"If we do the best we can," reproved Grandmother, gently, "we are not the ones to measure the good we do!"

"I—suppose—so," said Nan, slowly, "but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money, I might establish reading rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing."

"Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-bye kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of Grandmother's remark, "Things that perhaps nobody else could do."

"I wonder what they can be?" and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

"I pity her," said Maud, "but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see—that's how I happened to know of her."

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn very thin.

"Her mother's," thought Nan.

Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. "I guess it's what Grandmother meant," she thought.

The next day, and the next, she found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

"Bless her; she's a sunshine ray, fo' sure," he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her good night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

"I tell you, Nan," said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, "you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—'Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bedtime.' And as for pay—"

"Pay! O Ted," interrupted Nan, smiling, "that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others"—

"You've found," broke in Grandmother Allen, "a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!"—[Zion's Herald.

Men are frequently like tea leaves—real strength and goodness do not properly come out until they have been in hot water.

He who is willing to be unpopular, proves himself ready to become powerful.

Young Lincoln's Library.

When Abraham Lincoln was a small boy, says *St. Nicholas* for July, he had very few books. There was no need for him to consult a list of the hundred best books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes—a pioneer's library.

First, of course, was the Bible, a whole library in itself, if properly understood, and containing every sort of literature—stories, poems, dramas, addresses, orations, histories, some simple enough for the youngest child, others taxing the wisdom of the learned. Second was "Pilgrim's Progress," with its quaint characters and vivid scenes related in simple, vigorous English. "Æsop's Fables" was a third, and introduced the log-cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters—the gods of mythology, the different ranks and classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun. Fourth was a History of the United States, in which there was the charm of truth and a more modern tone, and from which were learned the lessons of patriotism that Lincoln's manhood put in action. Last came Weems' "Life of Washington," a queer, stilted book, but one full of detail that made Washington seem a living example.

These five books were the beginning of Lincoln's education; and what wise man has outgrown them all?

From the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and Æsop the boy Lincoln learned the power and beauty of plain English words, and saw that the grandest thoughts and most poetic imaginings needed only the strong little words of every day. When, therefore, in later life, he wished to be sure he understood any matter, it became his custom to translate it into words such as a child can understand.

Read again the "Gettysburg Address" and the "Second Inaugural," and learn how Lincoln could make the homespun words of common use move the hearts of his fellow-men.

Who will tell us what books were read by other great men and women of the past when they were "young readers"?

A Call to Service.

Doctor Barnardo, who has done so much for the street waifs of London, came to devote his life to this work as the result of the following incident, related by an exchange:

He was closing the rooms of a city mission one night after the children had gone, when down by the stove he saw one poor little ragged urchin standing without hat or shoes or stockings. He said to the boy: "Boy, it is time for you to go home."

The boy never moved.

Doctor Barnardo went on closing things up, and by and by he said again, "My boy, why don't you go home?"

The boy said: "I ain't got no home."

Doctor Barnardo did not believe it, but asked the boy to come to his house, and after giving him something to eat heard his story. He was an outcast, without father or mother, without place to sleep.

"Are there more like you?" asked Doctor Barnardo.

"Lots of 'em," said the boy.

"Will you show me some of them?"

"Yes, I can show you," said the boy.

So about midnight he went out with the boy, and they threaded their way down some of the streets of London and then into a "close," and the boy pointed to a kind of coal bin in this area, and he said: "There's lots of 'em in there."

The doctor stooped down and lit a match, and there wasn't a boy in there. He thought the boy had been swindling him. But the boy wasn't at all abashed. He said, "Cops have been after 'em; they're up on the roof."

And with that the boy went up a brick wall onto a tin-covered roof, pulling the doctor up after him.

There, on that winter night—it happened to be starlight—the doctor saw thirteen boys cuddled up, and one little boy hugged close to his brother to keep warm; nothing under them but a tin roof; nothing over them but the starlit sky.

The boy said: "Shall I wake 'em?"

It occurred to the doctor that he had one boy there, and this boy was going to waken thirteen more, and he didn't know what to do with one, so he said: "No." But that night, on that tin roof, he stood and promised God that he would devote his life to the outcast boys and children of London.

That was Doctor Barnardo's night. That night he received his peculiar call for that service, and last night, in or near London, there slept under friendly Christian roofs nearly five thousand boys and girls, gathered by him, in course of training by him for lives of purity and usefulness.

Uplifting Power of Noble Character.

A Boston lawyer who has for forty years been eminent in his profession and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course in life: When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at the meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic service at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sabbath-school who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, "She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen." The young man went home with these three broken sentences in his mind, "Class in Sabbath-school—dollar a month to

missions—happiest girl." The first result was that he took a class in Sabbath-school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

A Knowing Horse.

A writer in the *Herald and Presbyter*, who once lived in California, gives the following strange and interesting story, which was told to him by a friend in whose truthfulness he believed: "My health failed me in Washington, I was so much confined; and I thought I would go and ranch it in California in the mountains. So I went, purchased land, then returned for Mrs. H. I was appointed mail deliverer in the mountains, and on one of my routes the mail could only be delivered on horseback. I hired a trusty young man of my acquaintance for this route. He chose from my horses a hardy little mare; he was very fond of her and treated her like something human; she, as was proven, was equally fond of him. He was always on time on his route, but one day he failed to return; so the next morning a search was begun for him, and they found him murdered, his mail-bags gone, but his horse was standing by him whining in a mournful way to call him to get up and go with her. She would not let anyone near the body till I came. We then raised him up and laid him on her back and bound him there; she went carefully home with him. We have in the neighborhood and surrounding country a band of thieves and cut-throats. It was nothing unusual to hear of some robbery, and murders also. I first ascertained if any of them was missing, and one living not far from me was. I determined to hunt him and prosecute the case. I accordingly offered a liberal reward for the missing man, and in about two months he was apprehended and brought in, and as the posse was coming with him one of my men had brought the little mare out to water. She raised her head, sniffed the air and looked around the crowd; her eyes fell on him, and, breaking away from the man that had her, she made for the murderer with mouth open, ears laid back, and a more frightful creature I never saw, and they had all they could do to keep her from killing him there, and he pleaded for them to protect him. He afterwards confessed his guilt before he was executed. The little mare was the only witness besides God of the murder."

Bobby's Pets.

"Mamma, may I have a hen and a coop and raise some chickens for my very own?" asked a very eager little voice. "Bobby, you had a canary bird; what became of it?" He hung his head—it had died of his neglect. "I can't let you have pets until you learn to take better care of them. You can't have the chickens."

Aunty was at Bobby's house on a visit. "Sarah," she said to Bobby's mamma, when the disconsolate little boy had gone out, "how is he to learn unless he tries?" "Must he try at the expense of poor dumb creatures?" "No; but at our expense; you must feed his pets when he does not. Perhaps, you might deprive him of a meal when he lets a pet go without. But, busy as you are, you must find time to train him to habits of thoughtfulness. It is a lot of trouble, but it is worth while. I will help you while I am here."—[Christian Herald.

Samuel Sloan, the great railway magnate, struck the right keynote in the following words, which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post: "I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea. It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the wisdom of the Bible, and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truth, and he can not go far wrong in his every-day life. Fortified by a sound, moral self-training, the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder."—[American Messenger.

A beautiful Greek statue stood in a market place, and a little dirty slave-girl saw it and gazed at it in admiration. Next day, when she came, she had washed her face and combed her hair. The following day her rags were mended. And so each fresh look reacted on her till she was a changed girl. What force there is even in the most quiet example! How we can be aided in our purpose to grow in goodness, and practice goodness, by watching the good ways of others! And how we should remind ourselves that others who see us will be affected by what they see us to be, or see us doing!

Interesting and beautiful effects of the well-known etching of glass by fluoric acid have been reported by Mr. C. E. Benham of Colchester, Eng. Various salts are crystallized in a thin layer on glass, which is well warmed to prevent the crystals from dissolving, and the glass is then exposed to the vapor for three to five minutes. The microscopic forms of the crystals are accurately reproduced on the glass.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Rev. Thomas Gray of Chicago preached in the morning on "Godliness the Key to the Promises of the Present Life." In the evening he spoke encouragingly with reference to the work to which he was going, in the Gilbert Islands, with his wife, Miss Foss and Miss Palmer, who were present in the audience and interested the people in themselves and in their future home. The collections of the day were to be given to foreign missions. The Rev. Frederic C. Jones will preach for this church next Sunday morning and evening.

Auburn.—The pastor is not taking any regular vacation this year, but hopes to attend the meeting of the General Association at Eureka in the fall. His family are spending the summer in Southern Oregon. The auditorium has recently been re-carpeted and a large parlor in the rear of the church finished in natural woods. There being, at present, no public library or other respectable resort for young men in the town, one of the members of the church has made arrangements to rent the church parlor, fit it up as a game and reading room and open it to young men certain evenings in the week. During the remainder of the hot weather we are going to hold our evening services on a platform in front of the church. The 22d inst. D. S. McClellan, of San Francisco, will give an address on "Christianity as Viewed By a Business man."

Southern California.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—At the July communion service eight were received into membership by letter and two on confession of faith. The Endeavor meeting of the same day was a patriotic service. Instead of having a leader the prayer-meeting committee placed a program on the blackboard, which was followed and proved a treat by way of a change. Pastor Emerson has been given a month's vacation. At present he and his family are at the Waterhouse cottage at Terminal Island.

An Association Suggestion.

Editor The Pacific: The following suggestions occur to me with reference to the State Association meeting. Not that I am assured that they have not been thought of before, but they may have new emphasis.

1. That the celebration of the Lord's Supper be given a place other than at the end of the program.

2. That a single session be given to the reports of the work of all our benevolent societies.

3. That the hours for the transaction of business be those immediately preceding the recesses.

4. I would ask whether the large predominance of non-pastors, upon several recent programs, does not suggest a change with ultimate profit? *Ansel E. Johnson.*

Antioch.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. C. R. Brown is making a brief visit to his parents in Iowa.

Rev. J. R. Knodell preached in Howard Presbyterian pulpit Sunday.

Rev. F. N. Greeley occupied the pulpit of First church, Berkeley, Sunday.

Thursday, July the 12th, a daughter was born to Professor and Mrs. C. S. Nash.

Rev. F. I. Wheat and wife of Park church, this city, left this week for Los Angeles, for a month's vacation.

Rev. George H. DeKay, pastor at Norwalk, is spending his vacation at his old home in Santa Clara county.

The Rev. A. Hastings of Ontario, Rev. S. G. Emerson of Pasadena and the Rev. Mr. Hayes of Buena Park have been having an outing on San Clemento Island.

The Oakland Enquirer states that there is a difference of opinion among the members of the Fourth church on the question of the removal of the building to some place in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth and Adeline streets. The present location is said to be a local center, and it is thought that promised developments in that region may make it a more desirable location than any other. One thing is evident: the question should be settled speedily. No church can grow or even hold its own with a constant agitation of the question of a change of location.

In response to a very general demand the Fleming H. Revell Company have issued "Black Rock," by "Ralph Connor," in a neat paper edition to retail at 25 cents. It has been said of this author: "If heroism in the cause of Christ awoke as responsive a thrill in the hearts of this generation as do deeds of valor in the field of blood, the person who writes under the *nom de plume* of 'Ralph Connor' would be as popular to-day as Rudyard Kipling. In the two books which 'Ralph Connor' has written the hero in each instance has been a Christian minister who has wrought great good by his teaching and his example among the rough men of a frontier community. 'The Sky Pilot,' the second of these books, like its predecessor, is remarkable in that it deals with religious matters in a manner that cannot fail to be of interest even to the worldly minded."

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

President Thomas McClelland of Pacific University returned from the East during the past week, after an absence of about two months upon a business trip concerning the college. Recently he received a call to the presidency of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. The call is certainly a most flattering one—an excellent recognition of his character as a man of his ability as an executive officer, and of his scholastic attainments. While in a financial sense it probably would inure to his benefit to go to Galesburg, yet it is earnestly hoped that he will decline the call, as his services are much needed at Forest Grove, as well as in this State. The moulding power of such a man, in all that is helpful in laying good foundations upon which to rear the superstructure of a great commonwealth, can not be too highly estimated; and when there is anything that seems to point to the possibility of the loss of one who fits so well into the niches of influence in all directions as President McClelland, it arouses a large degree of apprehension.

Your correspondent was the guest of Rev. J. L. Hershner of Hood River one evening during the week past. Everything connected with the life of his church is moving along most satisfactorily, and the prospects are continually brightening. Constant, though not specially rapid, growth is the sum of the work here. Mr. and Mrs. Hershner have a strong hold upon the affections of the people of Hood River, irrespective of church relationship, and no persons are more influential in the community. On the second Sunday evening in July a collection for the India sufferers was taken up, amounting to $35.

Preparations are being generally made by ministers, and all others as far as possible, for their annual vacations. Rev. J. J. Staub of the Sunnyside church, Portland, will spend a few weeks at Yaquina bay; Rev. Geo. A. Taggart, of the Mississippi Avenue church, will go to the seaside at the mouth of the Columbia river; Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman will go away from Portland, but has not as yet definitely decided where; Rev. D. V. Poling, of The Dalles church, with his family, is in camp at the Cascade Locks. This enables him to supply his own pulpit every Sunday, as he is only forty-three miles from his pulpit. The Locks is coming into deserved prominence as a place for a summer camp. The mighty flood of the lordly Columbia rushing to the sea, with mountains in near proximity four and five thousand feet high, afford a constant inspiration and wonderful uplift. The place is beautiful for situation and easy of access from all points.

The seventh annual meeting of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association began last Wednesday at Gladstone Park, two miles north of Oregon City, under most favorable auspices. Fully 1,500 people are camped in the classic groves surrounding the commodious tabernacles, and large numbers besides attend from Portland, Oregon City, and other points of easy access. The talent secured is of high order and the interest in all educational classes is greater than ever before, if numbers in attendance are a true index.

A dreadfully sad affliction was visited upon Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Huntington of The Dalles church a short time ago. Their only child, a bright, winsome lad about eight years old, fell from a tree and was so injured that he died soon afterwards. The bereaved parents deserve the sympathy and prayers of all Christians in this sore trial. As may not be generally known in California, Mr. Huntington is the son of Rev. C. A. Huntington of Eureka, California, and is an honor to the venerable father, with whom he is now visiting for a little while, accompanied by his wife, in order to recover as far as may be from the shock caused by the untoward loss of their only child.

The Dalles, Oregon, July 16, 1900.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned.

Prompted by the recent street car accident, by which so many lives were lost, the city council of Tacoma has passed an ordinance compelling street car companies to put gates on each end of every closed car, and making further provision that no passenger be permitted to stand on the inside of any car for the lack of seating room, and that no more passengers be allowed on any car than the car has seats for; that, in the business district, no greater speed shall be attained than ten miles an hour, and in the outer districts not more than twelve miles. Similar ordinances should be enacted in all our cities of the Coast, for there are none where some such accident might not occur, to the destroying of many other precious lives. The coroner's jury investigating the cause of the Tacoma accident has been in session all the week, but at this writing the witnesses have not all been examined.

Friends of the late Rev. Herbert Gregory in Tacoma have presented Mrs. Gregory with $105, and a lesser sum has been handed her from Seattle friends.

Rev. Dr. Wallace Nutting arrived in Seattle last night. Besides supplying our Plymouth church on the 15th, the ladies of that church have arranged to give him a reception on Monday evening, 16th. As speaker at the summer meeting of the Congregational Club, on the 18th, his theme will be "The Religious Significance of Physical Progress."

Rev. S. M. Freeland will at the same time

present the "Pacific Coast Outlook," in behalf of the Outlook Committee of the Club.

The Seattle Congregational ministers, at their meeting on the 16th, will discuss "The Pacific Coast Congress, Past and Future."

Rev. W. L. Dawson, lately of Ahtanum church and Woodcock Academy, has accepted the call of the North Congregational church, Columbus, Ohio, and will begin work on September 1st. Meanwhile, he spends July and August in mountain-climbing on this upper Coast, in company with Prof. Jones of Oberlin.

Superintendent Wirt went north on the steamer "Senator," sailing from here on the evening of the 8th. Mrs. Wirt is expected to leave Nome during the summer, and after visiting friends in Oakland will make the family home in Seattle while her husband engages in his missionary duties among the various stations in Alaska.

Rev. Wm. Davies of Spokane takes his vacation from the 22d inst. to and including August 12th.

Rev. Alfred N. Raven of Taylor church, Seattle, has returned from his vacation in the East, bringing his family with him. As soon as they can get settled in the parsonage the ladies of the church will plan for a reception to be given them.

Seattle, July 14th.

Eastern Washington Notes.

By Iorwerth.

Rev. H. M. Painter of Pataha has accepted a call to Rosalia and begins service there July 15th.

Rev. T. W. Walters spent the 8th at Newport and had a profitable time.

Prof. W. S. Davis and Rev. A. Doyle of Colville have been taking a vacation on the Columbia river.

Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Krause and family of Hillyard are camping on Hayden Lake. A company of the young people of the community are with them.

Rev. Edmund Owens of Springdale is having a vacation and is spending part of it with his folks at Davenport. Mr. Owens has added Valley to his work—a place midway between his present charges, Springdale and Chewelah. Valley is planning to build a church.

Pilgrim church is being supplied by Miss Edwards during the absence of the pastor. The Ladies' Aid closed for the summer with an ice cream social.

Westminster church has given up the evening service for the summer. Dr. Wallace is recruiting at a near-by lake and occupying his pulpit on Sunday mornings.

Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Doane, Cheney, are camping at Clear Lake.

Obituary.

A long and beautiful life ended! Mrs. Eliza L. Lee, widow of the late Benjamin F. Lee, and sister of Mrs. M. K. Blake, Mrs. H. H. Havens and the late F. K. Shattuck of Berkeley, died July 2d, at her home, 528 Eleventh street, Oakland, after an illness of of several weeks. Mrs. Lee has lived a long, useful and beautiful life, and though her years were many, she was still young in spirit and took a deep interest in all the affairs of young people. Her life was devoted to administering to others, and was a daily exemplification of the beauty of holiness; and a benediction to all who came under its influence. Of the many who appealed to her for aid and a kind and cheering word in their extremity, they were never withheld, and none went away without receiving a new inspiration and a renewed faith and hope in God. As her life waned her faith and trust increased. She often said, in speaking of her Savior, "How good he is; how precious and comforting are his promises! I could not live without him!"

Out of a large family, but two remain. During her last illness, and in looking forward to a reunion with those who have gone to that better land, she would say, "I wonder what they will all say to me when I get there?" She passed quietly and peacefully away, like one who lays her head upon her Father's breast and goes to endless rest. The few who remain will miss her, but the great majority will know and welcome her over yonder. "It is blessed to die when so ready to go." *

President Slocum of Colorado College was in Salt Lake City a few days ago and spoke in the interests of Gordon Academy, of which he is a trustee. The Salt Lake Tribune says: "President Slocum is one of the most distinguished educators in the West. He has declined no less than eight invitations to become president of other collegiate institutions within the last three years, and it is due to his intelligent direction and watchful care that Colorado College has reached the high standing for which it is now distinguished. Dr. Slocum graduated from Amherst in 1874, and after several years of travel and study at the more noted European universities and at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1889. He has since been the executive of Colorado College. The college has now twelve buildings, with $100,000 in hand for a new scientific building, and has 547 students, with thirty-seven instructors."

Coldness of the feet from tea-drinking, an effect sometimes observed, is explained by Prof. Hutchinson, F. R. S., as probably due to contraction of the arteries. In one lady tea-drinker, the feet were not only cold, but were wet with perspiration.

The Divine in the Commonplace.

A strong man reared to princely station is in the desert herding sheep. Forty years he spent there, during which the silence and solitude have been subduing his ardent and impulsive nature. He has been a fugitive all these years from the wrath of a Pharaoh, for in the land of Egypt, long ago, he slew an Egyptian. For this, the greatest man in antiquity is doomed to long obscurity.

But in silence great thoughts are born, and loneliness is conducive to the crystallization of high character and purposes. The fastnesses of Horeb, with God for his preceptor, became to this man a mightier school than he had found in his early years at Heliopolis. As now he faithfully guards the flocks of Jethro on the farther side of Horeb, on what great problem is his soul intent, while the outward eye is engaged in its mechanical task? He has cause to ponder whether life is, indeed, worth living. He had just begun to satisfy the thirst for knowledge, and his strong will had already felt its imperial promptings, when he was hurried out of the activities of life and plunged into the solitude of the desert. Does he now wonder how God's goodness may be reconciled with his experience? Years ago he had repented of his deed of blood. Had God, then, hidden his mercy from him and forgotten to be gracious? The shepherd of Horeb sweeps the horizon with his tired gaze, as if out of the clouds might come some answer to his questioning. He hears only the scream of the vulture or the cry of the sea-bird flying toward the gulf of Akaba.

But suddenly his eyes behold a strange phenomenon. Yonder, on the mountain-side, a flame leaps forth amid the copper-colored haze. A bush is burning with amazing brightness and energy. The wood is dry. Perhaps the chafing of the branches has caused them to ignite. He has seen a bush on fire in the desert many a time. This one, like the rest, will be speedily destroyed. But as time passes the bush continues to burn, but is not consumed. The phenomenon becomes both curious and startling. "And Moses said, I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." And there in the common terebinth or juniper bush, and in one of the most forsaken of all places, the desert shepherd finds the Angel of the Lord.

Let us learn the lesson. Is it not this, that all along the pilgrimage of life we are to seek God's presence in the common places? In these glorious spring days nature lifts her voice in parable. It is not in the majesty of the rolling orbs nor in the tumultuous march of the spirits of the storm, nor in the thunder of the waves as they lash the cliffs, that we have the most edifying manifestations of the Almighty presence and power. For the open soul there is a sweet and tender revelation of the divine in the little primrose by the wayside dyke, or in the wild rose of the woods and hedges. Where feet have never trod, God makes the place of his feet glorious. "Spreading his leafless blooms in a damp nook" the poet came upon the Rhodora—

> " Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
> This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
> Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

But beauty has its use as well as its excuse. It is the banner love hangs out as the sign of its presence, and, being everywhere, it certifies that the God of love is everywhere also; and, if our souls are but expecting him, he will flame forth from the bush, breathe upon us in the perfume of flowers,, and speak to us out of the very depths of the soil.—[Examiner.

Detonations heard at about the time of the Umbria-Marches earthquake of December 18, 1897, have been made a subject of study by Prof. A. Issel, an Italian seismologist. These detonations were quite distinct from the ordinary earthquake sound, and were more or less prolonged crashes, resembling the boom of thunder or the report of heavy guns in the distance. Sometimes they were isolated; at other times following one another at brief intervals. To many persons the crashes seemed to come from Monte Nerone, where the epicentre of the earthquake was situated. Similar sounds are frequently heard by inhabitants of the middle Appenine region, to whom they are known by the name of "Bombio," and, as they are very often closely connected with earthquakes, it is concluded that they are mostly due to causes within the earth. These mysterious boomings are of the kind known in other places as "Barisal Guns," "Mist-Poeffers," etc.

The commissioners appointed to arrange for the Illinois statue of Miss Frances E. Willard, to be placed in Statuary Hall at the capitol in Washington, have invited two young women sculptors of remarkable genius to compete for the honor—Miss Helen F. Mears of Oshkosh, Wis., and Miss Julia Bracken of Chicago. Miss Mears is at present in New York City executing a commission for a large public fountain; Miss Bracken is at work in her Chicago studio. Miss Mears has recently returned from Paris, where she has studied with and assisted Augustine Saint Gaudens for two years, and is an artist of rare gifts. Miss Bracken is well known in artistic circles in Chicago and her many Illinois friends and admirers will be glad that she has been thus honored.

What if it does look likely to rain, it is fine now.—[William Smith.

How to Live a Century.

Pure air is food for the lungs, as bread is food for the stomach; and an inexhaustible supply of it has been furnished, fresh and free, to every living creature. It is possible for a person to live a whole month without solid food, but when deprived of fluid to drink, life becomes extinct more quickly; but when deprived of air, the person can live only a few moments.

All through life's journey, from the first breath in infancy to the last act of respiration in old age, air is an absolute necessity.

This vitalizing element, with its invigorating influence, can be heard playing in the tree-tops, whizzing around the corners of the house, and we feel it fanning our own cheeks; it is everywhere, rushing along on errands of mercy, imparting life to man, plant and beast.

Air is a life-preserver; it is the particular friend of man, and he who barricades the doors and windows against this life-saving friend gives a cordial invitation to disease and death to enter.

Open the doors and windows, and let the sun shine in, and let the wind blow through the rooms every morning, for they are disinfectants performing labor of a sanitary nature. Breathe long and deep; fill the lungs to their utmost capacity with pure air several times each day, and keep the home well ventilated night and day, and remember that when night comes on, all the air you have, in or out of the house, till the next morning is "night air," and you cannot bottle day air enough within the sleeping room to last through the night; so by all means let the air circulate through the room, and thus keep a fresh supply of this life-giving element constantly with you.

More fresh air is required during sleep than when awake, for increased quantities of poisonous products are given off from the lungs and skin at this time; so each respiration renders the air in an unventilated room more unfit to be breathed again.

Keep the windows sufficiently open so the fresh "night air" can come in from one side, and the impure air can go out through the other. The upper sash should be down one inch and the lower sash up one inch for each person sleeping in the room. A lamp burning in the room should be counted as equal to one person, and a gas jet equal to six or more persons, according to the size of burner. It is suicidal for any person to sleep or live in an unventilated room, for when deprived of pure air, the person will die sooner than from being robbed of any of the other life elements.

The writer has seen many instances where vines covered with heavy foliage were growing before the windows of the sleeping-room, for the express purpose of keeping out the sun. The sun, like the air, is a powerful agent, prolonging the life of the human family by burning and in other ways destroying the enemies that are lurking about in our pathway. So in place of shutting the sun out, remove every obstruction, curtains, blinds and vines and let your friend shine in.

Sunshine and fresh air make cheerful homes, and, combined with wholesome food, pure water, and cleanliness of the body, make cheerful people, and cheerfulness inspires activity, like the sparkling brook, as it glides so gracefully over its pebbly bed, proving a blessing to everything within its reach, and making living objects happier for having passed that way.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." (Prov. xvii: 22.) Be cheerful always, in the home and away from it; "look on the bright side," and cultivate a desire to make others happy, and happiness will not be a stranger to you.

Carlyle said: "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."—[Planets and People.

"I must remember that every weakness in those about me is a claim upon my strength; God makes a weak somebody for the sake of a strong somebody."

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THE TALENT OF PRAYER.

The greatest and best talent that God gives to any man or woman in this world is the talent of prayer. And the best usury that any man or woman brings back to God when he comes to reckon with them at the end of this world is a life of prayer. And those servants best put their Lord's money to the exchangers who rise early and sit late, as long as they are in this world, ever finding out and ever following after better methods of prayer, and ever forming more secret, more steadfast, and more spiritually fruitful habits of prayer, till they literally pray without ceasing, and till they continually strike out into new enterprises in prayer, and new achievements and new enrichments.—[Alex. Whyte.

Mr. Moody was once asked, "How can we make our prayer-meetings more interesting?" and this was his answer: "Be more interesting yourself; that is one way. I have seen many meetings just murdered, the life taken out of them, by the leader. There is a way of going into meeting by which you can do this. Go in with your coat buttoned up, looking at no one; do not use your natural voice, and be as stiff as you can. Begin by saying you have nothing to say, and then talk half an hour. If the meeting isn't dead, then I'm a false prophet. Then get up and scold the people for not taking part after you have thrown the meeting open. For my own part, I don't know why we should go into a meeting in that cold, formal way. Brevity is a good quality in religious services. The meeting should not be unduly protracted. Meetings are often killed by allowing them to drag on for half an hour after the proper time to close. Begin on the minute and close in the same way, unless unusual interest should arise. Only two or three stanzas of a hymn should be sung at a time. Even the Scripture lesson should be brief. The remarks of the leader should be brief. The leader who speaks half an hour in a dull, prosy manner, and then exhorts the people to be brief, is inconsistent. Brief prayers are best. Why should each one who is called on to pray put up petitions for everything he can think of? Let each prayer be limited, for the most part, to one object. Do not put too much in one prayer. Leave something for those who are to follow."

He who has an intense perception of humanity must know that Christianity is divine, because it is the only religion which has a perfect perception of human relations, wants and feelings. None but He who made the heart could have written the Bible.—[Charles Kingsley.

Christians may not all feel alike, but they all have to feed alike.—[Ram's Horn.

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We have received an anonymous communication protesting against the publication of silly and foolish communications, even though written by pastors. We believe the author is right, and we hope that those who find themselves guilty of having written something "silly and foolish" will throw it into their own waste basket and not send it to ours. There is only one good to come of publishing such communications; it gives readers a chance to become better acquainted with the writers. But when you find the silliness and foolishness, which in some degree perhaps belongs to all human beings, seeking to express itself, don't let it; suppress it—do not express it even in private conversation, much less before the public. Remember what our Savior said about vain and idle words.—[Church Record.

A DYNAMITE BOMB.

A city official was badly frightened the other day by the receipt of a mysterious parcel which he thought was a dynamite bomb. When carefully opened it turned out to be two bottles of brandy. The fright of the official was justifiable. The parcel contained that which kills more people every year ten thousand times over than dynamite.

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SLOSS–RATCHFORD.—In Alturas, Modoc County, June 27, 1900, by the Rev. Harry Perks, Robert L. Sloss and Ella C. Ratchford, both of Alturas.

CORKERAN–FORD.—In Alturas, Modoc County, July 1, 1900, by the Rev. Harry Perks, Walter W. Corkeran and Irene Ford, both of Alturas.

Died.

FRANK.—In Alturas, Modoc County, June 10, 1900, Mrs. Adeline Sunny Frank, aged 71 years. She was a beloved member of the Congregational church.

MCARTHUR.—Near Alturas, June 22, 1900, Mrs. Lydia D. McArthur, aged 68 years.

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Just the word which the mother fails to speak would turn the young girls' attention to the danger of irregularity. For it is in the ignorance of the necessity for regularity in the periods that the foundation is laid for the debilitating drains, the female weakness, bearing-down pains, inflammation and ulceration that rob marriage of joy and motherhood of happiness.

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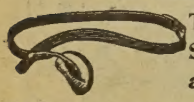

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